

PLAYERS
OF THE PERIOD

Arthur Goddard

9 84

STRAND PRICE

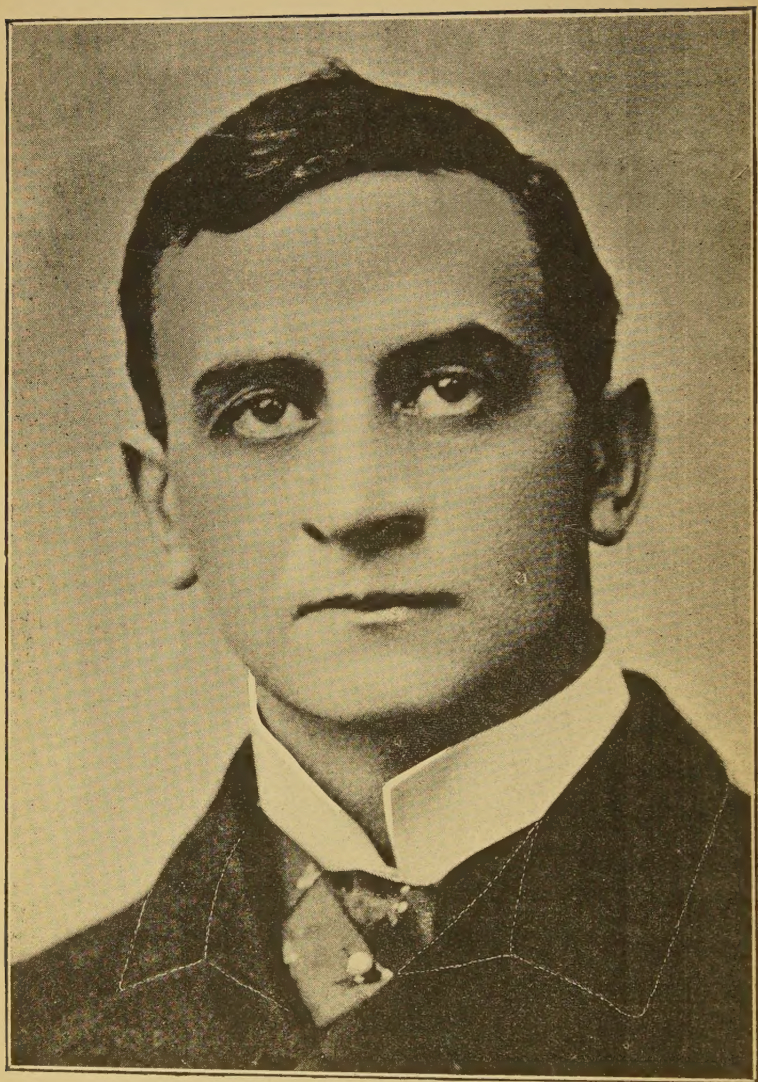
\$1750

PAIR

7888
D64;2

7/6
~~2/6~~
~~10/6~~

WITHDRAWN FROM
CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
9



JOHN HARE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD.

PLAYERS OF THE PERIOD.

*A SERIES OF ANECDOTAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND
CRITICAL MONOGRAPHS OF THE LEADING
ENGLISH ACTORS OF THE DAY.*

BY

ARTHUR GODDARD.

With Numerous Illustrations

BY AND AFTER

"ALMA," FRED. BARNARD, ALFRED BRYAN, PHIL MAY,
J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, GEORGES PILOTELLE,
F. H. TOWNSEND, ETC.,

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUBJECTS AND AUTOGRAPH QUOTATIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A, FLEET STREET.

1891.

CONTENTS.

JOHN HARE.

	PAGE
The Grand "Old Man" of the Stage—Dramatic Mosaic	
— <i>Beetles'</i> Padding—"Short Engagements"—A	
Clergyman's Advice—Robertsonian Comedy—A	
British Working Man—The Fossil Remains of a	
Buck—A Gallery of Old Men—The Hare and	
Kendal Management— <i>The Squire</i> —Dr. Penguin—	
A Cheery Old Bachelor— <i>Mayfair</i> —Farewell to the	
St. James's—The Garrick Theatre— <i>The Profligate</i>	
— <i>A Pair of Spectacles</i> —A Present from the Prince	
of Wales	13

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Church, Medicine, or the Stage?—Champagne Comedy	
—In the American Civil War—An Engagement in	
Manchester—At the Queen's Theatre—A Brilliant	
Cast—Bob Sackett—The Criterion Theatre—Drama-	
tic "Irresponsible Frivolity"— <i>Pink Dominos</i> —	
<i>Butterfly Fever</i> —Mr. Peregrine Porter—Mr. Wynd-	
ham and the Prince—Arthur Matthison's Coat—	
Presence of Mind— <i>The Candidate</i> —Rover— <i>David</i>	
<i>Garrick</i> —John Mildmay—The Comedian at Home—	
"The Room of the Past"	39

EDWARD TERRY.

PAGE

Laughter according to Hobbes and Emerson—The Art of Exaggeration—A Parochial Bigwig—Spoils of Strange Lands—Gustavus V. Brooke—Freemasonry and Philanthropy—Wholesome Humour—A Fit-up Show—Scenery <i>à la</i> Crummles—First Appearance in London—At the Strand Theatre—At the Gaiety—Popular Parts—Daniel Chuffy—Terry's Theatre— <i>Sweet Lavender</i> —Richard Phenyl, Esq.—At the Church Congress— <i>In Chancery</i>	61
--	----

W. H. KENDAL.

Society and the Stage—Anti-Bohemianism—A "Safe" Actor—A Typical English <i>ménage</i> —Royal Approval—Early Engagements—A Romance of the Stage—Claude Melnotte—With the Bancroft Company— <i>The Falcon</i> — <i>The Money Spinner</i> —A Military Lady-killer— <i>The Ironmaster</i> —Orlando—A very French Play—A Thankless Part— <i>The Wife's Sacrifice</i> —Lord Clancarty—Last Night of the Hare and Kendal Management—Ira Lee—Farewell Banquet—American Success	85
--	----

CHARLES WARNER.

Robust English Tastes—The Tempestuous School—A Coupeau Incident—Stranger than Fiction—First Appearance—Pink Kid Gloves—The Phelps "Ha!"—Old Comedy— <i>Never Too Late to Mend</i> —Coupeau—A Terrible Creation—A Drama of Degradation—
--

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin's Opinions—Francisque Sarcey and Charles Reade's Tributes—The Reade Loving Cup—From Badger to Othello—Michael Strogoff—An Actor's Pluck—Farmer Allan—Christian Christiansen— <i>In the Ranks</i> — <i>The Last Chance</i> —Tom Jones—A Tragic Story— <i>A Million of Money</i> —The Actor at Home	113

ARTHUR CECIL.

Professional Majority—The Old Gallery of Illustration—The Miniaturist's Method—Various Impersonations—Sam Gerridge and Tom Dibbles—Beau Farintosh—Colley Cibber and Triplet— <i>My Milliner's Bill</i> —A Consummate Old Beau— <i>The Magistrate</i> — <i>The Schoolmistress</i> — <i>Dandy Dick</i> —End of the Clayton and Cecil Management at the Court Theatre—The New Court Theatre— <i>Mamma</i> — <i>Aunt Jack</i> — <i>The Cabinet Minister</i>	151
---	-----

THOMAS THORNE.

Breaking a Record—English Comedy—The Consols of Acting—Early Days—At the Strand Theatre— <i>Our Boys</i> —"They've done for Father!"—The Comedian at Home—Interesting Pictures—Opening of the Vaudeville Theatre—Freddy Butterscotch— <i>Saints and Sinners</i> —Bob Twitters—Jack Alabaster—The Buchananisation of Fielding and Vanbrugh— <i>Heart of Hearts</i> —Parson Adams—Dr. Cupid— <i>Clarissa</i> —Lord Foppington— <i>Woodbarrow Farm</i>	171
---	-----

WILLIAM TERRISS.

PAGE

- In the Royal Navy—"Thorough"—With the Bancroft Company—Squire Thornhill—Sinnatus—A New Cassio—Pygmalion—Romeo—Sir Thomas Clifford—An Ideal British Sailor—"Adelphi Terriss"—*The Bells of Haslemere*—*Ravenswood*—Hayston of Bucklaw—Off the Stage 207

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

- A Pocket Comedian—Volatility and Versatility—"Thou of my Thou"—Pedagogic—Human Documents—With "Pepper's Ghost"—The First Gilbertian Character—John Wellington Wells—Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.—Major General Stanley—Reginald Bunthorne—Koko—Jack Point—Farewell to the Savoy—At Home—As a Single-handed Entertainer—"By Command" 229

HENRY G. NEVILLE.

- A Delightful Anachronism—Invaluable in a Weak Play—Early Impersonations—At the Olympic Theatre—Bob Brierly—At the Adelphi—"Plays many Parts"—George Kingsmill—*Human Nature*—Triplet—*The Royal Oak*—Starring in America 247

LIONEL BROUGH.

- The First Player—The "Gag" Question—On the *Illustrated London News* and the *Daily Telegraph*—"My Lord Double Fee"—Before the Queen—A Rise in Salary—From Turf to Stage—"Fifteen Two!"—

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
Burlesque, Opéra-bouffe and Shakespeare — Old Comedy—Ben Bloss—Bill Booty—"Not too much Poison, but just Poison enough!"—A Whitechapel Masher—"I'll have it Stuffed!"—Tony Lumpkin— <i>Editha's Burglar</i> — <i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i> —South African Experiences—Brough and Toole— <i>La Cigale</i> —The Use of a Hat—The Comedian at Home—Pictures, Treasures, and Books—A Remarkable Cast	267

RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

Church or Stage—At Home—An All-round Artist— <i>Début</i> —In Gilbert-Sullivan Opera—Dr. Daly—Captain Corcoran—Archibald Grosvenor—The "Threepenny 'Bus Young Man"—"Mr. Pooh-Barrington"— <i>The Mikado</i> — <i>Ruddigore</i> —The Cares of Management— <i>The Dean's Daughter</i> — <i>Brantingham Hall</i> —Back at the Savoy— <i>The Gondoliers</i> —Before the Queen at Windsor Castle	299
---	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Portrait of MR. JOHN HARE	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Portrait of MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM as "David Garrick" .	38
Mr. Wyndham as "Lord Oldacre" . By <i>J. Bernard Partridge</i>	49
Portrait of MR. EDWARD TERRY	60
Mr. Terry as "Dick Phenyl"	78
Portrait of MR. W. H. KENDAL	84
Mr. Kendal as "Claude Melnotte" . By " <i>Alma</i> " .	93
Portrait of MR. CHARLES WARNER	112
Mr. Warner as "Michael Strogoff"	131
" " "Christian Christian- sen"	After <i>J. Bernard Partridge</i> 135
Portrait of MR. ARTHUR CECIL	150
" " THOMAS THORNE	170
Mr. Thorne as "Jacob Fletcher" . By <i>J. Bernard Partridge</i>	187
" " "Jack Alabaster" . " " "	193
" " "Parson Adams" . " " "	199
Portrait of MR. WILLIAM TERRISS"	206
Mr. Terriss as "David Kingsley" . By <i>J. Bernard Partridge</i>	223
Portrait of MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH	228
Mr. Grossmith as "Reginald Bun- thorne"	After <i>Georges Pilotelle</i> . 239

	PAGE
Portrait of MR. HENRY G. NEVILLE	246
Mr. Neville as "George Kingsmill" . By <i>J. Bernard Partridge</i>	255
Portrait of MR. LIONEL BROUGH	266
Mr. Brough as "The Doomed Daimio" After <i>Georges Pilotelle</i>	284
„ „ "Mr. Busby" . . . By <i>Alfred Bryan</i> .	287
Portrait of MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON in <i>The Gondoliers</i>	298
Mr. Barrington as "Archibald Gros- venor" . . . After <i>Georges Pilotelle</i>	304
„ „ "The Very Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn . . . By <i>Alfred Bryan</i> .	312

"I would rather trust & be deceived
than suspect & be mistaken"
John Hare
(*"A Pair of Spectacles"*)

JOHN HARE.

MR. JOHN HARE, most excellent of comedians and men, is the Grand "Old Man" of the stage, not by virtue of the lapse of time, although it is a quarter of a century since he made his first appearance upon the London stage, after a provincial apprenticeship of some years, but because of the admirable, highly-finished studies of "old men" which he has given to playgoers in the course of his professional career.

Physically and psychologically Mr. Hare's "old men" are perfect. Like a skilled and careful worker in mosaic, the comedian puts together his stage-portraits with infinite care. Each almost imperceptible peculiarity of body or mind is fitted into its own place in the picture

with the delicate art of a Calandra or a Salviati; the colours are clear and permanent; the work executed with so much painstaking and persistent accuracy—here a piece and there a piece, but none without due consideration of its effect—that the gratifying result is an artistic example of dramatic *mosaic*, complete, convincing, and enduring.

It is, as the mood of the moment may make one regard it, a curious instance of the irony of Fate, or of Nature's inevitable law of compensation, that this realistic impersonator of human fossils should be, in his own proper person, one of the brightest and youngest of men off the stage; no longer, it is true, altogether a young man in years, but it is only humdrum, commonplace people who measure life by the calendar, and Mr. Hare is still in appearance and manner so youthful that it is difficult to think of him as a player who has amused the public in his own admirable manner for nearly thirty years.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hare drifted into the class of character with which he is chiefly identified, rather than adopted it from any

personal preference ; for, as he himself has said, speaking of the destiny which has doomed him to a life of premature and perpetual old age behind the footlights, "It is too strong for you ; the public come to recognise you in a certain line of character, to look for and applaud you in it, and to almost resent your assumption of any other."

The metamorphosis of the youthful-looking actor, so slim, agile, bright-eyed, and quick of speech and gesture, into the battered old *roué* or benevolent old uncle or guardian or what not of the stage, is often quite remarkable ; and Mr. Hare's mastery of the art of making-up with a crisp realism in which every line of the pencil and every touch of rouge or bismuth has its value and its peculiar significance, has had not a little to do with his success. A shrewd, microscopic perception of *minutiæ*, whether in the fashioning of the face or the bodying forth in action of the mental peculiarities of a character, has always been a conspicuous and invaluable factor in Mr. Hare's dramatic method ; and whether it was in the part in which he made his first success, that of the ex-Constable

Beetles in Watts Phillips' play *The Woman in Mauve*, produced in the far-off years at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, or as Benjamin Goldfinch in *A Pair of Spectacles* to-day, at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Hare's conscientiousness and scrupulous care in bringing his work to the most perfect degree of finish attainable has been palpably and persistently present. He has contributed a whole collection of portraits to the stage, so carefully elaborated, so artistically finished, remarkable for so nice a discrimination of infinitesimal points of difference, that, as in the whole world of nature there are no two faces absolutely identical, so in the picture-gallery of stageland, to which Mr. Hare has been so generous and so gifted a contributor, no two portraits are quite alike. It is amusing to know, on the unimpeachable authority of Mr. Bancroft, that it was in the character of Beetles that Mr. Hare, who had at a certain stage of the play to beat time vigorously with a telescope while Sothern sang, shed one by one upon the stage a number of garments used by him as padding, he flattering himself all the while that it was his in-

tentional comicality with which the audience were so delighted, until Sothern discovered the real cause of their exceptional hilarity, and whispered to Hare, "Never mind, old fellow, don't take any notice; don't look down!" which the youthful actor of course did, with the inevitable result of a precipitate plunge to the wings.

It was on September 25th, 1865, that Mr. Hare migrated from Liverpool, put a period to his provincial experiences, and appeared for the first time before a London audience as a member of the Prince of Wales's company, assuming the rôle of Short, the landlord, in *Naval Engagements*, upon which occasion that inveterate punster, Henry J. Byron, remarked to him in his dry way, "So wise to appear first of all in a part suited to you. Short figure, short name, short part; the critics will say, 'Mr. Hare, a clever young actor, made his first bow to a London audience, and was most excellent; in *Short*, perfect.'" To which Mr. Hare, with the modesty of genius, replied, "But if they don't like me?" "Then we'll re-christen the piece *Short Engagements*," retorted Byron.

In connection with this first metropolitan engagement it is curious to know that upon Mr. Hare's marriage, during his Liverpool career, he had grave thoughts of abandoning the stage and reading for a Civil Service appointment; and that it was chiefly by the urgent advice of his old tutor, a clergyman, whose years and office alike entitled his opinion to respect, that he went back to the stage, and, as events proved, thereby added so much to the wholesome pleasure of the public for so many years.

The name of Mr. Hare will for ever be associated with the brilliant success achieved by the Robertson series of comedies, a class of work for which his polished, incisive style made him peculiarly well fitted; and his first great success was made in the part of Lord Ptarmigan, a *blasé*, middle-aged personage, and a character elaborated with so much care, and played with such admirable delicacy and *finesse*, that the impersonation stamped the actor at once as a recruit of no mean promise. The *habitués* of the Prince of Wales's Theatre were not only critical and cultured, but their

imprimatur was sufficient to make a reputation; and the fact that they immediately accepted Mr. Hare as a welcome addition to the company to all intents and purposes guaranteed his future popularity; and his instant success in *Society*, on the memorable night in November 1865, was practically his first firm step upon the path to the fame which he has since so worthily earned.

It was not long, however, before the young actor was to have a more notable opportunity of revealing his artistic power and originality in two strongly contrasting parts, one of which, in particular, enabled him to display that purely mimetic power without which a tragedian may be successful, but a true and adequately equipped comedian is simply out of the question. As Prince Perovsky in *Ours* Mr. Hare succeeded in creating a part, calling for the most perfect refinement and high-bred polish of manner, with completely convincing reality. The Russian prince simply lived. It was no stage figure of tradition or convention, but an interesting personality, whose every look, word, gesture, and even feature, seemed indispensable

parts of a perfect whole. Then, as if it were specially arranged for the purpose of illustrating the actor's excellent power of merging his own identity beyond all possibility of recognition in the individuality of his stage impersonations, upon the production of *Caste*, on April 6th, 1867, Mr. Hare created the character of Sam Gerridge with absolute thoroughness, crispness, and an obviously keen comprehension of the idiosyncrasies which play so large a part in the formation of a genuine British working-man. Nothing could well have been more true to nature than the shrewd, sharp workman; and Mr. Hare's reading of his trade circular to the young woman he hopes to marry was conceived in a spirit of pure comedy. The perception which noted, and the mimetic power which reproduced, the countless details of make-up, voice, and manner with such curious fidelity to nature were obviously of the highest order; and the new creation confirmed the high opinion already formed by the critics, and established Mr. Hare in the favour of the playgoing public.

It was on February 15th, 1868, that Mr.

Hare created one more Robertsonian character with success, the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere in *Play*, a cool, self-possessed man of the world, who has rather liberal notions with regard to conventional ethics, but a very strict code of honour of his own, and whose natural bias is in favour of the right, qualified by an unfailing sense of the first law of nature—a study of the proper preservation of self. Mr. Hare's rendition of this character, a type of the needy and shiftily patrician, who yet never quite forgets that he at least ought to be a gentleman, was extremely artistic, the character of the man being permitted to reveal itself in a score of subtle and artistic ways.

As Beau Farintosh in *School* Mr. Hare once more scored a success. In the earlier scenes there was perhaps an unnecessarily uncompromising insistence upon the excessive artificiality of the fossil remains of a buck. The painted face, the extremely juvenile *toupée*; the gleaming teeth suggestive of an expensive dentist, the tottering yet would-be jaunty gait, the roguish ogle, and the whole affectation of swaggering juvenility, were clever to a degree,

but almost painful in their satire upon humanity, although a too faithful replica of a type to be seen in Regent Street and the Burlington Arcade after luncheon on any day in the season. For all that, the grimly humorous picture carried conviction on the face of it, and when at last the silly artifices were cast aside, and the man stood revealed in his true character—kind-hearted, affectionate, and of a quite venerable greyness—Mr. Hare displayed a genuine pathos which went straight to the heart of the audience, the more surely that it was a complete and striking contrast to the dandiacal affectation which had preceded it. Mr. Hare's study of the character was a most finished and elaborate piece of work, and Beau Farintosh stands out clearly from the host of stage-figures of the past twenty years with a striking, if not altogether pleasant, individuality. As an example of combined whimsicality and power the creation was entirely admirable, and marked one more step on the road to fame.

Another of Mr. Hare's wonderful old men was Dunscombe Dunscombe in *M.P.*, produced on April 23rd, 1870. The part was one in

which comedy and pathos were skilfully united, and in both phases of the character Mr. Hare was seen to advantage. His quiet, shrewd, undemonstrative method of revealing the very heart of a man by means of his bearing with regard to the ordinary occurrences of every-day life, had rarely been shown more clearly than in this *rôle*, the actor evidently feeling his histrionic and mimetic strength, and his ability to render a character-part important out of all proportion to its position in the cast of the play.

These successes were followed on May 4th, 1873, by a quiet, well-controlled impersonation of Sir John Vesey in *Money*: white-haired, pink-faced, plausible and pompous, with genial bearing but a close fist, the character became at once notable, and valuable to the action of the play in an unusual degree; a delightfully canny and kindly old Scotch ex-advocate in the person of Sir Patrick Lundie in *Man and Wife*, on February 22nd, 1873—a whimsical, warm-hearted character-sketch, finished with faultless art, to the lifting of an eyebrow and the turn of a hand; a most admirable, because essentially refined, Sir Peter Teazle on April 4th, 1874,

when Mr. Hare had the courage to think for himself, refusing to be trammelled by a certain over-emphasis of detail which tradition sanctions and conventionality only too willingly adopts, and accentuating in every way, by tone, bearing, and make-up, the essential refinement of the famous character dear to so many excellent comedians for a century past. There have been representatives of the character who have treated it rather as if the uxorious, fidgety husband had remained the commonplace Solomon Teazle, the widower with five children, of Sheridan's original scheme, who talks over with his butler his wife's extravagance, instead of the transformed and developed character—the high-bred, courteous, dignified, if rather foolish and eccentric, Sir Peter of the play as it eventually stood when Sheridan wrote on the final page of manuscript, with a sigh of relief, "Finished at last, thank God!" to which the prompter added, "Amen. W. Hopkins."

At the end of the long and successful run of *The School for Scandal*, in the autumn of 1874, Mr. Hare left the Prince of Wales's company, and embarked upon the cares of management

at the old Court Theatre, opening his campaign with Mr. Coghlan's comedy *Lady Flora*, on March 13th, 1875, in which he created the rôle of the Duc de Chavannes; and during his four years of management at that theatre, concluding on July 19th, 1879, he created, among other characters, those of Lord Kildare in *A Quiet Rubber*; Archie Hamilton in *A Scrap of Paper*, and Colonel Daunt in *The Queen's Shilling*, Mr. G. W. Godfrey's adaptation of *Le Fils de Famille*—a creation of exquisite finish and artistic completeness, in which character he re-appeared with renewed success when, on October 4th, 1879, he entered upon his second spell of management in conjunction with Mr. Kendal at the St. James's Theatre.

The joint management of the St. James's Theatre by Messrs. Hare and Kendal was a distinct gain to artistic London. For nearly nine years they produced play after play—if not always with equal success, at least invariably with equal conscientiousness and unwearying care for the interests of art; and during that period Mr. Hare won many new laurels as a comedian of the first order.

Upon the opening night of the theatre, under the part management of Mr. Hare, he appeared in two characters—his admirable Colonel Daunt, and also that of the profligate Duc de Richelieu in Mr. Val Prinsep's comedietta *Monsieur le Duc*, in which the Duc finds the heroine whom he would make one more victim of his passion to be his own daughter—an unpleasant idea for a play, no matter how deftly handled.

On March 13th, 1880, Mr. Hare gave a carefully finished impersonation of Potter in *Still Waters Run Deep*; and, after a brief revival of *The Queen's Shilling*, appeared in a revival of *The Ladies' Battle* as the Baron de Mont-richard; a part which he had represented successfully during his management of the Court Theatre. On October 9th the St. James's re-opened for the winter season with Mr. W. G. Wills's version of Douglas Jerrold's famous play *Black-eyed Susan*, under the title of *William and Susan*, and Mr. Hare appeared as the Admiral; and on January 8th, 1881, he created his memorable Baron Croodle in Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Money Spinner*. Mr. Hare's impersonation of the disreputable old

gambler and blackleg, out at elbows, but irrepressibly impudent and vivacious, was irresistibly humorous, and kept the stage alive whenever he was *en évidence*. Make up, manner, "business," all were as artistic as Mr. Hare knows so well how to make them, and the result was a memorable creation and an original and striking addition to stage types.

Then came an excellent impersonation of Colonel Damas in *The Lady of Lyons*, and on May 28th, 1881, Mr. Hare created the part of Mr. Critchell in Mr. Godfrey's *Coralie*, an adaptation of M. Delpit's *Le Fils de Coralie*; on October 27th he appeared as Captain Mount-rafte in Robertson's comedy, *Home*; and on December 29th he created the notable figure of the Rev. Paul Dormer in Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Squire*. The tobacco-loving, big-hearted parson was an excellent bit of character-painting, and one more example of the actor's versatility and skill in concealing his identity beneath that of the character he assumes.

After the run of *The Squire* Mr. Hare limited his responsibility to that of management—save for a friendly reappearance "for one night

only" as Sam Gerridge on the final performance of *Caste* at the Haymarket, under the Bancroft régime—until October 20th, 1883, when he reappeared, to the delight of the public, as Old Rogers in *Young Folk's Ways*, a comedy founded by Mr. W. H. Gillette and Mrs. Burnett on the latter's story of "Esmeralda." As the mild, harmless, henpecked old South Carolina planter, Mr. Hare was as faultless as he always is in his portrayal of stage old men; and his realism of manner and appearance as the gentle old soul so completely under the thumb of his shrewd, business-like wife was entirely convincing as well as delightfully humorous. If the play had been half as excellent as *Old Rogers* it would quickly have won wide and enduring favour.

On the revival of *A Scrap of Paper*, on December 20th, Mr. Hare undertook the part of Dr. Penguin, the gentleman with a passion for entomological research, and invested it with original attributes of his own creation, making it a most artistic piece of work; and then it was not until the revival of *As You Like It*, on January 24th, 1885, that Mr. Hare

reappeared on the boards, assuming with dry, quaint humour of a thoroughly Shakespearean quality the part of Touchstone, speaking the shrewd lines with excellent effect, and abstaining with the restraint of a true artist from the mouthings and antics sometimes conceived to be indispensable to an adequate rendering of the part.

In Mr. Pinero's rather unpleasant drama, *Mayfair*, adapted from Sardou's *La Maison Neuve*, and produced at the St. James's Theatre on October 31st, 1885, Mr. Hare was fitted with a part which not only enabled him to display the subtlety of his method to great advantage, but possessed the attraction of being the most lovable character in the play, and a strong contrast to the generally cynical and unpleasant tone of the drama throughout. As Nicholas Barrable, the big-hearted, whimsical, fatherly old bachelor stockbroker, Mr. Hare was seen at his best. A cheery, genial old fellow of the Cheeryble Brothers type, Nicholas Barrable, with his old-world notions, tender heart, and shrewd judgment, was quite the most sympathetic figure on the stage; and

his big-hearted benevolence to the foolish young couple who half despise him and the solid, peaceful comfort of the home which they have shared with him, was a homily in action. Always life-like and artistic, Mr. Hare was exceptionally excellent in this rôle, and Nicholas Barrable proved quite one of the most successful of his creations.

As General de Préfond in Ernest Warren's *Antoinette Rigaud*, adapted from the French of Raymond Desclandes, and produced on February 13th, 1886, Mr. Hare was incisive, keen, convincing as ever; and on May 25th he created the part of Mr. Drake in *The Wife's Sacrifice*—Messrs. Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards's adaptation of *Martyre*, by Messrs. d'Ennery and Tarbé—and made the dapper little busybody of an English consul from Pondicherry a most amusing character. On October 23rd he appeared as Mr. Spencer Jermyn, a bright, horsey, lively little gentleman, in Mr. Pinero's amusing comedy, *The Hobby Horse*.

During the year 1888, the last of the Hare and Kendal joint management of the St.

James's, Mr. Hare was seen in a number of the parts in which he had won so much popularity ; and his final appearance at that theatre, on July 21st, was in his admirable creation, the Rev. Paul Dormer, which remains certainly one of the best bits of character-acting which even Mr. Hare has achieved.

The scene in the auditorium, after the final fall of the curtain, was one of the most pleasing description, cordial goodwill greeting in vociferous fashion the excellent speeches made by both the managers in response to a hearty call. It was perfectly evident, from the friendly attitude of the audience, that when Mr. Hare modestly asserted that Mr. Kendal and himself had, during the nine years of management, "whilst fighting to live amidst a keen and vigorous competition, endeavoured not to forget the advancement of art in the more sordid care of theatrical management," his hearers were entirely with him.

Happily for the playgoing public, so excellent a comedian as Mr. Hare, and one so devoted to his art, was not likely to be long

absent from the stage ; and when Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh opened the New Court Theatre, on September 24th, Mr. Hare was well to the fore as Jack Pontifex in Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *Les Surprises du Divorce*, called *Mamma*,—his whimsical despair and all-pervading horror of the serpent which annihilated the happiness of his Eden being portrayed in his own inimitable fashion, and contributing largely to the success of the play.

For some time past it had been known that Mr. Hare would, as soon as a new theatre, which was in process of construction for him in Charing Cross Road, should be completed, reassume the responsibility of management ; and the interest of playgoers was extreme when, upon the night of April 24th, 1889, the popular actor opened his new theatre, the Garrick, with a new and powerful play by Mr. Pinero, called *The Frofligate*, a remarkable work, and one worthy of inaugurating a new home of dramatic art of the calibre which might be reasonably expected from such an actor-manager. Possibly in order to be the

more free to give his attention to the thousand-and-one managerial details inseparable from the production of a new play in a new theatre with a new company, Mr. Hare contented himself with the small part of Lord Dangars. But he is in the habit of making small parts great by his masterly art, and so it proved in this case, the patrician imperturbability of the *non-chalant* peer being rendered with consummate skill, and Lord Dangars proving as cleverly conceived and conscientiously elaborated a creation as any of its predecessors.

During the run of the sumptuously staged *La Tosca*, Messrs. Grove and Hamilton's version of Sardou's great and gloomy drama, Mr. Hare contented himself with the work of management, such a production involving immense thought and labour; but eventually he made his welcome re-appearance on the stage as Benjamin Goldfinch in *A Pair of Spectacles*, produced for the first time on February 22nd, 1890.

The character of the kindly, altruistic old fellow, on the best of terms with himself and all the world, brimming over with the milk

of human kindness, and as whimsically lovable as one of Dickens's immortal types of incarnate benevolence—suddenly transformed by the “spectacles” of a close-fisted, suspicious, hard-headed and hard-hearted brother from Sheffield into a suspicious pessimist, looking at everything and everybody through the gloomiest and most meanly suspicious of glasses, offered a fine opportunity of dramatic contrast ; and in all the phases of a very difficult and many-sided impersonation Mr. Hare was equally natural, equally a master of the *ars celare artem*. The creation proved a remarkably effective study of the dual nature of man, as well as a most humorous and interesting figure.

Mr. Hare had the honour of appearing before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham in this part on January 8th, 1891, when their Royal Highnesses complimented him graciously and cordially, and the Prince subsequently presented to him personally at Marlborough House a valuable and charming souvenir of the visit in the form of a handsome silver cigar-box. On the top left-hand corner

of the box are the Prince of Wales's plumes and motto in gold and royal blue enamel ; on the lower right-hand corner is the head of a hare looking through a pair of gold spectacles. The inside of the cover bears the following inscription in facsimile of his Royal Highness's handwriting : " To John Hare, from Albert Edward, in remembrance of *A Pair of Spectacles* at Sandringham, January 8, 1891."

On March 7th Mr. Hare produced a new comedy by Mr. Pinero, called *Lady Bountiful*, creating in it the part of a Skimpoleish old gentleman, one Roderick Heron ; and on March 17th he had the honour of appearing, with his clever company, in *A Pair of Spectacles* and *A Quiet Rubber*, at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty the Queen.



MR. WYNDIAM AS DAVID GARRICK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD.

"The ear is with the eye
averse to the soul"
from "David Garrick."

W. G. Thacker

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

ALTHOUGH he has taken to the stage as heartily as the playgoing public have taken to him, and although his taste for the mimic world across the footlights manifested itself sufficiently early, Mr. Wyndham does not come of a theatrical family, and was not intended for a player. But inclination prevailed over family projects, and while the Church possibly lost a rotund rector or a dignified dean, or the medical profession a successful doctor with a charming bedside manner, the stage certainly gained a most excellent comedian.

In his own peculiar way Mr. Charles Wyndham is without a rival, and at his best without a peer. His bright, effervescent style of

comedy, as sparkling as champagne, and well-nigh as exhilarating, possesses another quality of that pleasant wine, inasmuch as it makes one good-humoured rather than critical.

The lover of good comedy, like the lover of good wine, will not care to inquire too closely into the why and wherefore of the agreeable effect which it has upon him. He feels cheered, warmed, on good terms with himself and the world, and would as soon think of pulling his favourite actor's method to pieces as a connoisseur would of analysing the amber wine as it throws up its myriad air-bubbles, as if it, too, were laughing in irrepressible lightness of heart.

Yet, as all who are familiar with Mr. Wyndham's impersonations well know, there is, too, upon occasion a "body" to his work which gives it a greater value than that of a merely pleasant means of passing an idle hour; and he has occasionally shown a vein of manly tenderness, a pathos, and a strength, of which those who have only seen him in his volatile parts would scarcely believe him to be capable.

The acting instinct, with its inevitable versa-

tility, was in Mr. Wyndham's blood; and so strong was his determination to go upon the stage that even the family and friendly opinion that he had better be apprenticed to a chimney-sweep than follow the bent of his inclination did not turn him from his purpose. And the instinct which prompted him, after taking his diploma as a doctor, to become an actor, has been amply justified by events; and, as Mr. Wyndham humorously says, although he passed his medical examination for love of a widow whom he did *not* marry, the knowledge then gained stood him in good stead during the American Civil War, in which he acted as a surgeon, thanks to an introduction to General Banks, given to him by Mr. P. T. Barnum, the great showman.

It was in Washington in 1864 that Mr. Wyndham made his first appearance on the stage. After a brief engagement the young actor went back to the army; but a couple of years later the stage claimed its own again, and Mr. Wyndham came to Manchester, was favourably noticed by the critics, and, naturally expecting a salary of fifty pounds a week,

declined one of three pounds a week to share light-comedy business with Henry Irving, only to wish a month later that he could have taken the berth at two pounds.

However, it chanced that better things were in store for him, and on May 21st, 1866, he appeared at the Royalty Theatre, London, then under the management of Miss Oliver, as Sir Arthur Lascelles in *All that Glitters is not Gold*. The following year he made a palpable hit as Hugh Stoneleigh in *Idalia*; and in 1868 he was a member of the brilliant company at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, playing, in *Dearer than Life*, the part of Charley Garner, the prodigal—but in due time penitent—son, with much quiet power and intelligence, with such men as Toole, Lionel Brough, John Clayton, and Henry Irving also in the cast. Then he went to America again for two years, where he appeared on September 15th, 1869, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, as Charles Surface.

In October 1873, at the Royalty Theatre, Mr. Wyndham acted the part of Rolando in *The Honeymoon*, with animation and a promise

of the bright style of the future ; and in December he impersonated Rover in *Wild Oats*, a character destined to prove one of his breeziest and most irresistibly spirited impersonations, a favourite alike with the comedian and the public. Then came a successful impersonation of Rabagas at the St. James's Theatre in 1874 ; and Bob Sackett, another animated, cheery part, after the actor's own heart, enacted by him upon the production of *Brighton*, by Messrs. Bronson Howard and Frank Marshall, at the Court Theatre on May 25th, 1874, it having been originally produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in December 1870, under the title *Saratoga*.

Mr. Wyndham's name will always be chiefly associated with the Criterion, which, in its turn, has obtained a reputation for the production of plays which have not quite their counterpart in any other London theatre. There is an air about them of a sort of dramatic "irresponsible frivolity," which is yet very pleasant to the playgoer who is content to be amused. Nothing is truer than *dulce est desipere in loco*, and the Criterion has won

general recognition as the place of all others in which to forget for a while how very serious a thing life is.

It is also probable that the success of the Criterion Theatre has been also due, in a considerable degree, to the Gallic flavour of many of the plays produced within its walls. There has been sometimes a certain discreet suggestion of impropriety which has titillated the public fancy, and taken them to the theatre in much the same spirit as they would take up their paper to read the report of a racy and humorous divorce or breach of promise case ; but when they have gone there they have found so much excellent acting, wit, and genuine comedy that the *soupeçon* of impropriety has been rendered innocuous. Moreover, it has all been so bright, so airy, so frank, so amusing, that to quarrel seriously with it would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel, or to crush a bead with a Nasmyth hammer.

It was on Saturday March 31st, 1877, that the Criterion Theatre was first opened by Mr. Alexander Henderson, the play being the piquant and amusing adaptation of MM.

Hennequin and Delacour's "Les Dominos Roses," by James Albery, called *The Pink Dominos*, in which Mr. Wyndham made an instant and remarkable success as Charles Greythorne, the light-hearted young Manchester man who goes to Cremorne with such dire results.

On February 8th, 1879, Mr. Wyndham, under whose management the theatre now was, produced Bronson Howard's *Truth*, in which he played the leading rôle with success; and on August 6th of the same year Mr. Burnand's adaptation from MM. Hennequin and De Najac's "Bébé," called *Betsy*, in which Mr. Wyndham did not act.

On January 18th, 1880, Mr. Wyndham reappeared as Bob Sackett at the Olympic; and on November 20th he created the part of Sir Garroway Fawne in *Where's the Cat?* at the Criterion, an adaptation from the German, by James Albery, in which the suggestiveness of the piece was rather marked, although the performance, as a whole, was very amusing, and Mr. Wyndham's part excellently rendered, despite a superfluity of strong language.

Mr. Wyndham's Montague Leyton in *Butterfly Fever*, a re-adaptation of Sardou's "La Papillonne," by Mr. James Mortimer, produced at the Criterion on May 17th, 1881, was a pleasanter impersonation in every respect, and he was seen to immense advantage in it. Although, again, the play was full of doubtful situations, the art of the actor in skating lightly over thin ice stood him in good stead, and his bright, vivid, touch-and-go style permitted the audience to accept what in other hands might have proved scarcely palatable fare. In December of the same year Mr. Wyndham appeared as Frederick Foggerty in *Foggerty's Fairy*, a piece originally written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert for E. A. Sothern, but which proved somewhat too involved for the public to appreciate; and subsequently, in March 1882, as Mr. Peregrine Porter in *Fourteen Days*. In February of 1883 the Criterion Theatre was closed, and Mr. Wyndham left England for the United States, appearing there with unqualified success, and returning to London for a short time, but not to act.

Whilst in the Park one day about this time

the Prince of Wales, whose love of genuine comedy is commensurate with his well-known urbanity, met the comedian, who also chanced to be driving there. His Royal Highness pulled up, and, in a few cordially expressed words, inquired of Mr. Wyndham as to the condition of affairs generally in the States; and with the genial remark, "I'd like to see America again"—a wish that has not been gratified, by the way—bade the actor good-day, and bowled off.

As an instance of Mr. Wyndham's ready wit, it may be mentioned that it happened on one occasion that a few friends at the Savage Club were extracting, by a process peculiar to themselves, some capital fun out of Arthur Matthison's "green" coat. Mr. H. S. Leigh put the query, "Where did you get that coat?" Howard Paul was struck by its colour. "What shade of green do you call it?" "Pea, bottle, dragon, scum-on-a-puddle, faded grass," suggested first one and then another "Savage," until Mr. Charles Wyndham, who had been standing a little in the background—evidently, however, enjoying the situation to

the full—remarked drily, “Gentlemen, it’s a bothering shade, and you’re all wrong. I’ve just hit it. It’s *gan-grene*.”

On returning to the States in September Mr. Wyndham produced *The Great Divorce Case*, at the Union Square Theatre, New York, with great success, infusing into the character of the mother-in-law-worried Geoffrey Gordon a vast amount of humour of his own brisk and dashing style. Mr. Howard Paul aptly “christened” him “The Electric Light Comedian.”

On April 16th of the following year (1884) we find Mr. Wyndham at home again at the Criterion, in the part of Bob Sackett. In May there was a revival of *Fourteen Days*, and on the 2nd of the ensuing June, *The Great Divorce Case* succeeded it. On the opening night an opportunity occurred for Mr. Wyndham to display that presence of mind with which his intimates are fairly familiar. During the progress of the piece a blazing gas-batten fell on to the stage. Geoffrey Gordon unconcernedly went on with his lines; then the curtain was lowered—only, however, to be raised again

a few moments afterwards ; and, with the business-like remark, "Now, then, we will resume," Mr. Wyndham dismissed the incident from his mind, and nothing further of a fiery nature intervened to excite the alarm of the audience, who, to all appearance, speedily forgot their momentary anxiety in following the diverting performance of their favourite actor.

Mr. Wyndham's irresistible vivacity succeeded in making *The Candidate*, an adaptation by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy of Bisson's "Le Député de Bom-bignac," produced at the Criterion Theatre on



MR. C. WYNDHAM AS
LORD OLDACRE.

November 22nd, 1884, a success, in spite of a threadbare thinness of plot and a plentiful lack of probability. There was a considerable

sprinkling of smart, topical dialogue in the piece, and one good scene; but a certain degree of probability is demanded even in the wildest of farces, and that probability was too often missing in *The Candidate*, as, for instance, in the representation of Lord Oldacre, the head of a bigoted old Tory family, employing as his private secretary, on starvation wages, an old college chum of violently Radical principles, and succeeding in palming this secretary off as himself on the electors of a neighbouring town, to whom, surely, the identity of an important county man like Lord Oldacre must have been perfectly familiar. Viscount Oldacre was a part of the stereotyped Wyndham pattern, and was played by that admirable actor in his own airy, touch-and-go fashion. Mr. Wyndham made all that could be made of the *rôle*, and the impersonation was clever, although lacking in individuality, and being really but one more projection of the clever actor's own personality. On December 12th, 1885, *The Candidate* reached its two hundred and eightieth representation.

Mr. Wyndham, with characteristic frankness,

told his audience, upon the occasion of the revival of O'Keefe's celebrated comedy, *Wild Oats*, at the Criterion, on May 29th, 1886, that the revival was undertaken by him more from personal predilection than as a matter of business, and he certainly appeared to revel in the *rôle* of the handsome, careless, generous adventurer, Jack Rover. The comedian's unwearying energy and unbounded exuberance of animal spirits carried the audience with him throughout the piece. His spontaneous gaiety seemed to be infectious, and to influence his fellow-actors as well as his audience; and Jack Rover proved quite one of the best things that even Mr. Wyndham had ever done.

After the run of *Wild Oats* Mr. Wyndham revived *David Garrick*, on November 1st, 1886, with complete success, himself undertaking the title *rôle*, and bringing out to the last degree all the tenderness, manliness, and self-sacrificing devotion of the part, as well as its pure comedy. The impersonation is one of Mr. Wyndham's finest, and it was not surprising that the piece ran with unbroken success until August 10th, 1888, when it had to be

relinquished for a time in order that Mr. Wyndham might fulfil a round of provincial engagements; but upon his return to the Criterion, on November 13th, it was again revived with renewed success.

On January 19th, 1889, Mr. Wyndham appeared as John Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*. In *David Garrick* we saw Mr. Wyndham take a partial departure from that line of bright and sparkling comedy with which he had hitherto associated himself; in Tom Taylor's somewhat antiquated and withal sombre conception a leap was entirely taken from gay to grave. Throughout the impersonation the actor was intense in his sincerity. The ring of true pathos, as well as true humour, was in his acting from first to last; and it was shown beyond all fear of dispute that, peerless as he stood as an exponent of light comedy, he was far too good an actor to be altogether given up to the worshippers of mere merriment—or to those who are only devotees of French farce. In asserting the rightful authority of a husband, and maintaining the sanctity of his home against the cunning of an unscrupulous adven-

turer, Mr. Wyndham displayed such a concentration of energy, such a power of purpose, that when the scene was reached in which the despicable Hawksley has the mask of duplicity torn from his face, and stands revealed in all the horror of his true character, a sort of tremor seemed to pervade the entire house. The rôle of the impassive John Mildmay, favourite as it had been with leading actors since its initial embodiment in 1855, had never perhaps previously been impersonated with such intensity of feeling. For this and other reasons the Criterion revival of *Still Waters Run Deep* was one of the most interesting events in the annals of the contemporary stage.

After a further revival of *David Garrick* on July 10th, Mr. Wyndham created, on the 27th of that month, the part of Sam Hedley in Mr. Burnand's comedy, *The Headless Man*, his bright and dashing style surmounting all obstacles, and making the impersonation a success.

Upon his return from a very successful tour in the States, Mr. Wyndham, true to his old love, revived *David Garrick* on March 22nd,

1890, and again had the satisfaction of finding its powers of attraction unimpaired.

On August 7th, 1890, Mr. Wyndham appeared in his favourite part of Rover in *Wild Oats*, prior to sailing again for America, and the piece was received enthusiastically by a crowded house.

Since that time Mr. Wyndham has re-appeared in various of his well-known characters, and as a most admirable Dazzle, in a revival of *London Assurance*.

Off the boards Mr. Wyndham retains nothing of the characteristic features of his stage impersonations. In his pretty home in St. John's Wood Park he is a cordial but quiet host, and the Manor House is rich in artistic and professional souvenirs of his stage life, travels, and adventures in various parts of the world.

No sooner is the hall door passed than the refinement to be expected in the home of a man of artistic feeling is at once perceptible. Warm, rich colour streaming from stained-glass windows, and gleaming softly from dark oak panelling, makes a fitting atmosphere for

such art-work as Mr. Burgoyne's spirited statuette of David Garrick in his assumed roystering moments, calling out, "For wine inspires us with courage, love, and joy;" a bronze Venus of Milo, and an exquisite veiled child in marble. And in other parts of the well-appointed house personal souvenirs and works of art are innumerable.

In one place may be noticed spoils of Mr. Wyndham's Russian visit, in the shape of a picture on a panel of all the saints in the Greek Calendar—a souvenir of St. Petersburg, and a silver model of a troika on a base of malachite, which serves to remind its possessor of a sojourn in Moscow.

In the cosy study, where Mr. Wyndham transacts an infinity of business, is to be seen suspended over the mantelpiece the sword which the actor wore as brigade surgeon of the 19th Army Corps through the Seven Days and Red River campaigns in the American Civil War; and on the wall, among other interesting items, are the "Ten o'clock, Sandringham time," programme of the performance given before the Prince and Princess of Wales

in 1887, and a peculiarly interesting letter written by E. A. Sothorn to T. W. Robertson about *David Garrick*, in which the actor gives a glimpse of his first-night feelings as well as his opinion of the part. He says, "The lines go off like rockets, and are dead certainties. The more I get of that class the more brilliantly my part goes." I am an awfully bad long-speech actor; but give me good lines, rapid asides, and I give the author the full benefit of every word. I don't mean on the first night, for on that occasion my value is about thirty shillings a week. I must know I've got the audience."

Some curious Russian playbills, in Russian, and therefore "to the general" perfectly hieroglyphical characters, are also on the walls, with crowns of bay, coloured ribbons, pictures of saints, and other souvenirs of the North.

Another of Mr. Wyndham's highly-valued trophies is a handsome vase and laurel wreath, which remind him of the unique success which he achieved during his appearance in Berlin, the vase, which is of bronze and silver, bearing the inscription, "Charles Wyndham, von

Direktor Lautenburg, Residenz Theater, Berlin, December, 1887."

Mr. Wyndham characteristically calls his study "the room of the past," as its contents virtually tell the story of his life.

Here, in this pleasant home, the popular actor leads a thoroughly domestic life with his wife and daughter, and devotes much time to correspondence with his son, who is the owner of a mountain ranche in Colorado ; and here he delights to gather around him from time to time the professional and personal friends of a life-time, and to forget for a while the cares and responsibilities of actor-managerial life in the comfort and luxury of a well-ordered and artistic home.



MR. EDWARD TERRY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN & STUART, RICHMOND.

Sincerely yours
Edward Terry

EDWARD TERRY.

OF all the actors of the present day few, if any, have more persistently and pitilessly afflicted playgoers with "the pleasant spasms we call laughter" than that excellent citizen and comedian Edward O'Connor Terry. Whether Mr. Terry holds with philosophic Hobbes, that "the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others," or whether he agrees with Emerson, that the essence of all comedy is "an honest or well-intended halfness," is a moot

point. The all-important consideration for playgoers is, that he knows well how to excite their risibility, and that not only by sheer incongruity, *grotesquerie*, or surprise, but by that finer art which recognises and acts upon the truth that the springs of laughter and of tears lie side by side in human nature, and should be within the range of an actor of genuine power, let him belong to whatever school he may.

Mr. Terry, however, has made his reputation chiefly by an exuberant humour, a *bizarrerie* of style, a grotesqueness of make-up, a daring extravagance of fancy, and, withal, a dry, quaint, sententious sort of fantastic philosophy underlying even his most farcical impersonations. Sometimes his humour has undoubtedly been of the Hobbes complexion. He has held up before the audience so ludicrous a specimen of humanity, some creature made up of such odd whims and weaknesses, that their laughter has arisen from some sudden conception of superiority in themselves. At other times there has been a dry humour which has set the wit at work, and won a more discriminating tribute. Or, as in the *rôle* of Richard Phenyl, in *Sweet*

Lavender, actor and author have created a character with more humour and pathos blent in it than have been known since Dickens died.

If there were not a great deal of human nature in Mr. Terry's stage figures he would never have achieved a reputation such as he now enjoys, but his humanity is a humanity "after its kind." He holds a mirror up to nature, but it is a mirror such as one happens upon now and then outside the premises of a cheap restaurant, in which features are broadened or lengthened into a distortion—a caricature which is amusing, as it shows human nature as it might be under exceptional conditions. The likeness is not absolutely lost, but it is sufficiently merged in broad caricature, that the subject of such cavalier treatment can afford to be amused at it, and to enjoy a laugh at his own expense. So is it with some of the impersonations of Mr. Terry. They are so funny, so obviously exaggerated for the specific purpose of tickling the imagination, so honestly outside the pale of ordinary experience, and yet so instinct with a perception of the foibles and

fancies of human nature, that we laugh *with* them as well as *at* them, and jubilantly recognise in them a clever study of the ridiculous side of—our neighbours.

Mr. Terry, whose private virtues are as undeniable as his professional peculiarities, is quite a parochial bigwig at Barnes, where he has a charming house full of pretty and interesting things, and shines in a domestic capacity with as much lustre as on the stage; and he is one more proof in the flesh of the fact that the modern actor of the best type is as far removed from the “rogue and vagabond” of the discourteous Statute Book as the stage of to-day is from the remote and objectionable theatre of the Restoration.

Mr. Terry's home life at Priory Lodge is just that of any other prosperous professional man of domestic as well as artistic tastes. Four or five acres of delightful gardens, a tennis court, an orchard, a tiny poultry farm, hot-house, long tall walls famous for their peach trees, and a quaintly picturesque old smoking den, hidden away in a quiet shrubbery and panelled with curious old Dutch tiles,—are

some of the attractions outside the house ; and within its pleasant walls there is the same air of home, made a little piquant and fascinating by the host of interesting relics of the stage and spoils of travel—for Mr. Terry is quite a globe-trotter in a modest way—gathered together during years of energetic life.

Souvenirs of the stage and of other lands divide the honours of the house in which Mr. Terry loves to pass with his wife and son and daughter the too-few hours which the claims of his professional, parochial, and masonic duties permit him to call his own ; and cases of books chiefly connected with the stage are found cheek by jowl with portraits of great players of the past and present, strange weapons and curiosities collected by the actor during his wanderings through Western Europe, Lapland, Poland, Russia, and the Norwegian Fjords, and a prominent position is given to a bill of the play of a benefit performance at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, for Gustavus V. Brooke, the brave actor who went down in the *London* after doing his utmost to rescue the women and children on board the ill-fated ship.

Mr. Terry's name figures in the bill as The Lord Mayor of London in *Richard III.*

Mr. Terry has held various important offices in Freemasonry, including that of Grand Treasurer of Grand Lodge; he has given an address before a Church Congress on "Popular Amusements in Relation to Christian Life," and was one of the few representative players of the period honoured with an invitation to the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey in 1887. He has made many friends, and his pretty home is in its way and its degree as much a centre and source of wholesome gaiety and genuine happiness as his theatre is to the playgoing public. Mr. Terry was the founder of the Strand Theatre Provident and Benevolent Fund, which is still vigorously alive and prosperous, and out of it sprang the Lyceum Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Benevolent Fund. He is also a Trustee of the Dramatic Sick Fund, and originated the idea of local theatrical charity centres in connection with the Actors' Benevolent Fund. In his private capacity Mr. Terry is a Trustee of the Barnes Charity, a member of

the Board of Guardians of twelve years' standing, and an active member of the Committee of the Local Recreation Classes and Workingmen's Institute; and in his day he has done good service as a member of the School Board.

It is the cleanly, wholesome quality in Mr. Terry's humour that has done much towards making him so universally popular. His wit is pure and kindly. The salacious *double entendre* on the one hand, and the acrid pessimism which is too much the note of to-day on the other, are entirely alien to his humour. His impersonations hurt no one's feelings, trample upon no one's prejudices, sneer at no one's inferior wit. His fantastic imaginings compel a welcome from all who have a sense of humour, and in his most vivacious moments his wit, though it may take the erratic form of forked lightning, is really as harmless as the bright, soft light which brightens the summer sky, and adds cheer and not danger to a dark hour.

There is a perceptible atmosphere of Cockayne about Mr. Terry's acting—a sharpness of perception, a readiness of resource, a fertility of

invention which sometimes lead him to speak words other than those "set down" for him in the prompt-book; and as a matter of fact he was born in London on March 10th, 1844, and grew up with ample opportunities of studying mankind in every variety of character and physique. In 1863 he made one of his earliest appearances upon any stage as Wormwood in *The Lottery Ticket*, at the Mechanics' Institute, Christchurch, Hants, and as Myles Na Coppaleen—in connection with which his experiences were peculiar.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Terry's first appearance was in the play *Eily O'Connor*, announced as *The Colleen Bawn*, in the Mechanics' Institute, Christchurch. The company, including the band, comprised four gentlemen, three ladies, and a boy, who was announced in the bills as "*La Petite Napoléon*"! and sang "The Cure." The heading of the bills announced that Madame ——'s Dramatic Company, taking advantage of the closing of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, etc., would appear at Christchurch for six nights only. The company being so small, the

characters of Father Tom, Sheelan, and Moore were omitted. Mr. Terry played Myles, and the first instruction he received from his manager, who played Danny Mann, was to "gag" to some imaginary villagers. The stage was a flimsy structure of planks on trestles; the cave scene, which was reckoned to produce a great effect, was worthy of Vincent Crummies himself; a table and chair were placed right and left to represent rocks, and a plank was removed from the centre for Myles to dive through. There being no ground rows he had to walk through the water, mount his chair rock, and after talking about going up into his distillery get down again. Danny Mann, habited in a colonel's undress frock-coat, came with Eily on to the opposite rock, the table, and on her refusal of the marriage lines, he thrust her between the gauze waters and the narrow opening in the planks. Myles then attempted to fire his gun; it missed, but Danny fell, shouting, "I'm shot! I'm shot!" Myles then discovered Eily, pulled off his hat—his wig coming off with it in his excitement—and dived head first on to the floor of the hall,

nearly breaking his neck, but pulling Eily out, and standing up in the gauze waters shouting, "Saved!" upon which scene the curtain fell to tumultuous applause. At the close of the evening's performance the manager called Mr. Terry, cordially congratulated him upon his successful performance, and recognised his ability in a practical fashion by presenting him with the sum of eighteenpence!

Then followed a provincial preliminary professional canter extending over four years, at the end of which period the young actor came to London, and made his first bow in the metropolis to a transpontine audience at the Surrey Theatre in September 1867, when he appeared as Finnikin Fussleton in *A Cure for the Fidgets*, and possibly struck the keynote which was to dominate the whole of his stage career, as he is one of the most incessantly energetic actors on the boards, never weary of filling in his part with elaborate "business," of a kind, be it added, which increases the value and humour of the character.

Later in the same year Mr. Terry migrated to the Lyceum, appearing as the First Grave-

digger in *Hamlet* ; but it was not until August 1869 that he secured his first opportunity of really showing of what stuff he was made in the amusing rôle of the King of Toledo in Byron's burlesque, *The Pilgrim of Love*. By his whimsical and extravagantly grotesque reading of the part it was evident that in the new-comer the public were to find an eccentric comedian and burlesque actor of singular quaintness and originality ; and during the eight years with which he was associated with the Strand Theatre Mr. Terry created character after character, each funnier than its forbear. The extreme attenuation of his figure, his facial make-up—generally conveying the idea of hopeless melancholy—his excellent and fantastic dancing,—all marked him out as that *rara avis* in the theatrical firmament a comedian of varied and original powers ; and his creations of Kalyba in Mr. Burnand's burlesque, *Sir George and a Dragon* ; Polyphloisboio in his *Orion* ; Calino in Mr. Farnie's *Nemesis* ; and the Widow Sheppard in the same author's *Little Jack Sheppard* ; as well as Cassidy in Byron's comedy, *Old Soldiers* ; Joe Sally in Reece's

Dolly's Delusion; and Captain Ginger in Byron's comedy, *Weak Woman*,—paved the way to a still greater popularity to be won during a long engagement at the Gaiety.

Mr. Terry's "Gaiety" engagement lasted until 1884, and was only terminated by his assuming the management of a theatre of his own within a stone's-throw of the scene of his many successes. Among other notable impersonations upon the Gaiety stage Mr. Terry created the parts of the King of Spain in Byron's *Little Don Cæsar de Bazan*; Devilshoof in *The Bohemian Girl*; Mephistopheles in *Little Doctor Faust*, a most comical and, in its way, remarkable performance, introducing a "show-man's song," which was irresistibly humorous; and on September 2nd, 1878, he appeared as Jeames in Mr. Burnand's comedy of that name, founded upon Thackeray's "Jeames's Diary."

On February 1st, 1879, Mr. Terry appeared in Mr. Byron's farce, *Uncle*, and on April 2nd in the same author's burlesque, *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Pretty Esmeralda*, and *Captain Phœbus of Ours*; on April 30th he appeared as Grégoire

in *Boulogne*, Mr. Burnand's version of MM. Hennequin and Millaud's *Niniche*, and on November 11th was extremely comical in another burlesque by the same author, *Robbing Roy; or, Scotched and Kilt*, in which he appeared as Rob Roy Macgregor.

When Mr. Burnand's comedy, *Unlimited Cash*, was produced on October 27th, Mr. Terry created the part of Robert Smuggins, after previously appearing as Ruy Gomez de Silva in Byron's extravaganza, *Hernani; or, The Fatal Whistle*, on August 30th, and on September 27th as Casimir in *The Great Casimir*, the libretto of which was adapted by Henry S. Leigh from the French of MM. De Prevel and Saint-Albin.

The following year saw Mr. Terry appear as Don Ferolo Whiskerandos in a revival of *The Critic* at St. James's Hall on February 1st, in which his passion for Tilburina and his duel with the Beefeater were irresistibly funny in their utter but apparently unconscious extravagance; as the Count di Luna in Byron's *Trovatore; or, Larks with a Libretto*, produced at the Olympic on April 26th; and as Ali

Baba, in which he was delightfully droll and agile, in Reece's burlesque, *The Forty Thieves*, produced at the Gaiety on Christmas Eve.

During the greater part of 1881 Mr. Terry toured in the provinces with great success, appearing, among other things, as Albemarle Tozer in Byron's *New Brooms*, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on July 18th; and on December 24th reappeared at the Gaiety as Abanazar in Robert Reece's *Aladdin*, and was a droll and amusing figure, and the life of the burlesque.

Other Gaiety successes were Mr. Terry's wonderfully funny impersonation of Petitpois in Mr. Burnand's *Bluebeard; or, The Hazard of the Dye*, produced at the Gaiety on March 12th, 1883, in which his imitation of the Civic Toast-master was perfect in its unexaggerated caricature; and on December 10th he made a remarkably amusing figure of the Chevalier Walkinshaw in Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Rocket*.

In the following year the actor appeared as Djin Danhasch in Mr. Burnand's *Camaraman* at the Gaiety, on January 26th, and then, after a long spell in the provinces Mr. Terry

reappeared in London at the Olympic on December 16th, 1886, as Daniel Chuffy in an adaptation of a German farce, called *The Churchwarden*, with which he opened his own theatre on Monday, October 17th, 1887, and in which he impersonated the fussy, fidgety, muddled parochial personage to the life. On March 21st, 1887, Mr. Terry appeared successfully as John Perryble in *My Cousin*, by Mr. James J. Hewson, and infused some life into a rather tedious piece; and on December 7th he impersonated Bottom and Pyramus at Miss Kate Phillips' benefit at the Haymarket, keeping his humour within due bounds.

Amusing as ever, Mr. Terry contrived to keep his audience in good humour as Mr. Samuel Bundy in *The Woman Hater*, a farce by Mr. David Lloyd, produced at Terry's, December 1st; and in one mad-house scene the actor was peculiarly good, and revelled in the extravagant humour which was justified by the circumstances of the piece.

On February 11th, 1888, Mr. Terry appeared in a curious, fanciful, and pretty little piece, called *Darby and Joan*, by Mr. H. F. Bellingham and

Mr. W. Best, in which he acted the dual rôles of a peppery, shrewd, but good-hearted old admiral, and the same personage as a youthful and romantic lover. Naturally the eccentricities of the admiral were more completely within the actor's range than the part of the lover, but in both rôles Mr. Terry was good, and his versatility was conspicuously proved by the rapid transition from a strongly-marked character to one absolutely opposed to it in make-up, diction, and sentiment.

But the success of Mr. Terry's new theatre was yet to come, and it was found in a charming domestic comedy by Mr. Pinero, in which kindly humour predominated to an unusual degree, and the Pinerian spring of cynicism was scarcely noticeable.

As Richard Phenyl, Esq., of the Inner Temple, in Mr. Pinero's charming domestic comedy, *Sweet Lavender*, produced for the first time at Terry's Theatre on March 21st, 1888, Mr. Terry was fitted with a part admirably calculated to show his quaint humour off to advantage. Poor Dick Phenyl is a barrister, briefless, bankrupt in purse and reputation, a slave to

the whisky bottle, yet with it all so frank, so tender-hearted, so unselfish, so witty, so whimsical, that he is absolutely irresistible, and we love him while we laugh at him, as we love Dick Swiveller and Newman Noggs. One thinks of "bright, broken Maginn" as one follows the eccentric vagaries of this poor waif of the law, who is so pathetically conscious of his own weakness, so humorous in excusing his frequent lapses, and in whose case the surface, sparkling with whimsical wit, only hides a depth of self-contempt which is almost tragic. Poor Dick Phenyl! One laughs at him, but one loves him well. There is a touch of genius about him which redeems much, and a manly power of self-sacrifice which would cover more. One forgets his failings in the quaint charm of his whimsicality, and forgives them for the sake of the noble qualities hidden away under his comical exterior.

Mr. Terry's Richard Phenyl, Esq., is a figure which lingers lovingly in the memory as one of his cleverest creations. To see this dear old hard-up, briefless one, tossing with "Clemmy, my boy," for the one arm-chair; to hear him

talk of "our aunt," and assure his young friend that Lavender "loves us," and that "the prospect of an alliance with us might set up cerebral irritation in any young woman;" to laugh at his quaint antics; to



MR. E. TERRY AS DICK PHENYL.

find one's eyes fill with regret at his many lapses, and one's heart expanding in the contemplation of his grand unselfishness—all this is delightful, refreshing, wholesome. *Sweet Lavender* is written in Mr. Pinero's

brightest vein, but with a simpler note of pathos than usual. It is a rainbow drama, an April day of smiles and tears from end to end, and Mr. Terry makes of the central figure a creation as quaint and lovable as anything since the days of Dickens.

On October 2nd, 1889, Mr. Terry created a curious and gratifying precedent, and forged a new and bright link between the Stage and the Church, by reading a paper on Popular Amusements before the Church Congress at Cardiff. The comedian championed his profession with eloquence and zeal, pointing out, amongst other things, that the Church in years past accepted the aid of the theatre, *teste* the miracle plays, and a drama by one Ezekiel, who was called the tragic poet of the Jews, which is said to have been written shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, the subject being taken from "Exodus, or the Departure of the Israelites," and its object to animate his scattered people with a hope of future deliverance from captivity. Mr. Terry also instanced Greek tragedy as a species of solemn feast and religious ceremony ; quoted the play written by a pupil of Thespis, which was so sad, and had such an effect upon the audience that a repetition of it was forbidden ; and referred to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau to-day, the reverence exhibited by the actors, and the emotion, and sympathy, and veneration of the

audience. The actor, having made his point then eulogised the stage as a necessity of the times and a place where the public may learn to practise virtue and avoid vice, and referred to the "sermons in Shakespeare's plays" with eloquence and truth. Mr. Terry's idea of the stage and its functions proved elevated and worthy, and perfectly acceptable to the audience. He insisted upon the golden rule of *Virtue Triumphant—Villainy Defeated*, and referred to the good work done amongst the poor by wholesome melodrama, saying that he had seen rough men and women and children weeping in an East End theatre over the trials and sorrows of a hero and heroine.

Upon the question of comedy and burlesque Mr. Terry spoke wisely and with knowledge. Referring to occasionally impure plays, mostly of foreign origin, he contended that they afforded an admirable reason why the clergy should not hold aloof from the theatre, but by their presence ensure propriety; and asserted boldly that the Church, before condemning the stage indiscriminately, should visit the fifty or so theatres in London, and judge for them-

selves, and that, as the stage is the amusement for the people, it is with the people that the question whether it is pure or degraded entirely rests.

On March 19th, 1889, Mr. Terry appeared successfully as Sir Joseph Trent, in Mr. G. W. Pigott's play, *The Bookmaker*.

In Mr. Pinero's clever and comical play, *In Chancery*—revived at Terry's Theatre on November 22nd, 1890, after having been originally produced with only moderate success,—the principal rôle is a most amusing creation, in which Mr. Terry is permitted by the conditions of the part to indulge his whimsical and extravagantly grotesque view of farcical comedy to the fullest extent. Montague Joliffe, the commercial traveller who has lost his memory in a railway collision, and who does not know who he is, what he is, where he came from, whether he is married or single—to whom, in short, the past is a blank, and who eventually finds himself the possessor, as he believes, of two wives, and on the point of marrying a third—is one of the most laughter-compelling figures of the stage of to-day ; and Mr. Terry's

rendering of the comic despair of the bewildered man, aided by his extremely amusing make-up, is simply irresistible. Yet upon its original production it was by no means conspicuously successful, although with this revival it took the taste of the town at once, and more than compensated Mr. Terry for its originally cool reception by achieving a long and completely successful run.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD.

H. M. Kuddal

W. H. KENDAL.

THIRTY years ago the *enten'e cordiale* which happily now exists between society and the stage was in a somewhat tepid condition, amounting to little more than a bowing acquaintance. The antiquated prejudice which had led the "eminently respectable" classes to regard the actor with, at the best, a kind of patronising and pitying tolerance, and his profession as quite outside the pale of serious avocations, still flourished. Even genius itself could not always make headway against the stupid, narrow-minded notions of actors as inevitably and innately tinctured with that element of vagabondage which inspired the wording of the Act dealing with them in their more nomadic days.

Mr. Sampson Brass insisted, with right on his side, that he was "a gentleman by Act of Parliament." For a lamentably long period

it seemed as though equally, "by Act of Parliament," actors were to be regarded as "rogues and vagabonds." But in the fulness of time all this was to be changed, and if the adoption of the actor's calling did not positively involve recognition as a "gentleman" by right of the profession, it was at least admitted that a gentleman and an actor were not necessarily antagonistic terms.

That this healthier feeling has gained so much ground during the last three decades is due in no inconsiderable degree to Mr. Kendal and other actors equally determined to respect themselves and their calling; and whether or no the throwing open of the doors of houses at one time exclusive to a degree is beneficial to art, it cannot be prejudicial to the general influence of the stage, as social recognition, developing latterly into absolute hero worship, induces numbers of people to visit the theatre who would under other conditions have ignored its existence, so that

Those go now who never went before,
And those who always went now go the more."

From the moment of his first appearance in 1861 on the stage of the Soho Theatre, now known as the Royalty, Mr. Kendal has moved in an atmosphere of intense respectability, and by unvarying devotion to his profession has convinced the public that art is not incompatible with clean linen or a clean life.

Perhaps an additional element in the steady building-up of Mr. Kendal's reputation and popularity is that he cannot be accused of possessing genius. He has an admirable talent, carefully cultured; he is essentially a "safe" actor, sure to be letter-perfect on the first night; his "business" is always intelligent if rarely inspired; in appearance, manner, method, he is essentially agreeable, and if we miss the brilliant, erratic fire of genius, we can at least enjoy the genial play of quiet, well-bred humour, and an intelligent realisation of an author's ideal.

Mr. Kendal is the outward and visible sign of that social reform, if the dubious phrase may be used in the connection, which has spread to the stage with good results. It is

almost impossible even to think of him dissociated from his accomplished wife, and it is not easy to picture the drawing-room in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal would not be welcome guests, while their own house in Harley Street is not only a model, but an essentially typical English *ménage*.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, or as they are known to their personal friends, Mr. and Mrs. Grimston, are a thoroughly domesticated couple, devoted to their children and their home, and spending their scanty leisure in hospitality and artistic relaxations, Mr. Kendal painting and drawing with considerable skill—a clever portrait of Salvini as Othello from his brush being a noticeable item in his library. Mr. Kendal is also a great smoker, finding enormous solace in tobacco after his exertions at the theatre, and frequently enjoying the modest luxury until the small hours, when, perhaps, like most actors, he experiences a greater sense of freedom than at any other of the twenty-four, the claims of his profession and society, in which he is *persona grata* taking up nearly every moment of the day.

His artistic taste leads him to surround himself with pictures and all sorts of charming things, but the keynote of the home is solid, restful, thoroughly English comfort. The blighted beauty and greenery-yallery grace of æstheticism is conspicuous by its absence in the Harley Street drawing-room; while in its place the rather Philistine but substantial comfort of brilliant lighting, roomy tables, huge chimney-glasses, and the conventional appointments of a "highly respectable" establishment reign supreme. But for the wealth of theatrical photographs and dramatic *souvenirs* it might be the house of any prosperous professional man, and the home is not altogether out of harmony with the tenant.

No doubt it is this placid, easy-going, well-ordered home life which has contributed largely towards making Mr. Kendal so young a man for his age. Fair, good-looking, blue-eyed, with an open, lineless face, Mr. Kendal might still pass as a man on the sunny side of forty; but the register of births records pitilessly that he was born on December 16th, 1843, and that he should have retained his youthful appearance

so long in the face of much hard work and many responsibilities argues well for the quiet comfort of his life off the stage. A well-bred placidity is the best preservative in the world, and combined with a reasonable amount of success in life is perhaps the nearest approach to millennial peace consonant with the conditions of mundane existence ; and everything about Mr. Kendal and his home speaks with mute eloquence of substantial comfort, a smoothly gliding voyage down the stream of life, and an exemplary regularity that is the wisest and best method of existence for all, if they were but fortunate enough to understand it.

Mr. Kendal is one of the very few living actors who have appeared before the Queen "by command," playing the principal *rôle* in *Uncle's Will* and Harry Spreadbrow in *Sweethearts*, and receiving substantial and enduring, as well as immediate, tokens of Her Majesty's appreciation. To be selected for so much honour might well have turned the head of a greater actor, but it seemed in Mr. Kendal's case nothing more than the fitting outcome of

so quietly and decorously successful a career, and the one thing needful to stamp him once and for ever as a favourite actor with the large class of society to which Royal approval would almost rank as of more importance than the *imprimatur* of Shakespeare or Sheridan.

Characteristically enough, Mr. Kendal has always had the advantage of appearing upon the stage in good company. Even in the four years' engagement, from 1862 until 1866, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, he was fortunate enough to act with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Gustavus V. Brooke, the Boucicaults, Mr. Anderson, and Helen Faucit; and upon his return to London he appeared on October 31st, 1866, at the Haymarket Theatre in *A Dangerous Friend*, and made a good impression at once.

Rather less than a year later, on September 2nd, 1867, he got his first real chance as Orlando in *As You Like It*, and even in those early days displayed the care, refinement, and manly, well-bred ease which have been conspicuous in his stage method ever since.

It is interesting, in connection with the initial success of Mr. Kendal, to recall the fact that he

played Orlando to his wife's Rosalind upon the very evening of their wedding day in 1869, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as a member of Mr. Buckstone's famous "Haymarket Company." The incident was not only a little romance of the stage, but curiously and pleasantly characteristic of the inseparable attachment of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, both on and off the stage, which has been one of the most charming and pleasant features of their life.

Mr. Kendal's quiet, gentlemanly style of acting was excellently adapted to the Haymarket Theatre, and he remained a popular member of the company for several years, playing such parts as Don Octavio in Cibber's old comedy, *She Wou'd and She Would Not*, Manfred in *Pietra*, Captain Absolute, Charles Surface, and other prominent parts in old comedy revivals, as well as appearing as that very unfavourable specimen of the British working-man, Bob Levitt, in the original production of Mary Warner; in *Uncle's Will*, which Mr. Theyre Smith wrote expressly for Miss Madge Robertson and her future husband; as Prince Philamir



MR. KENDAL AS CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

in Mr. Gilbert's bitterly cynical *Palace of Truth*; Pygmalion in *Fygmalion and Galatea*; Ethais in *The Wicked World*, and Frederic Smailey in Mr. Gilbert's *Charity*.

After a brief engagement in 1875 at the Opéra Comique, during which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appeared in *The Lady of Lyons*, *As You Like It*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, a migration was made to the Court Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Hare, where Mr. Kendal appeared on March 12th, 1875, in the comedy, *Lady Flora*, *A Nine Days' Wonder*, *Broken Hearts*, and *A Scrap of Paper*, subsequently joining the Bancroft company at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in 1876, as a pleasant Dr. Thornton in *Peril*, and a romantic Charles Courtly in *London Assurance*; and on January 12th, 1878, created the part of Captain Beauclerc in *Diplomacy*, showing a quiet power and intensity of feeling in the great “*scène des trois hommes*,” which hitherto had been unsuspected, and which, therefore, made the greater impression, coming upon the audience as an agreeable surprise, and proving that Mr. Kendal only needed the opportunity to show

that he had something more in him than his ordinary rôles demanded.

On January 4th, 1879, Mr. Kendal returned to the Court Theatre, appearing as Colonel Blake in a revival of *A Scrap of Paper*; on February 15th he played Gustave de Grignon in *The Ladies' Battle*; on April 19th he appeared as Frank Maitland in *The Queen's Shilling*; and upon June 14th impersonated Master Walter at the Vandenhoff benefit at the Criterion Theatre; and when the famous Hare and Kendal management of the St. James's was inaugurated, upon the night of October 4th, 1879, Mr. Kendal resumed his rôle of Frank Maitland in *The Queen's Shilling*, and on December 18th created with considerable charm the character of Count Federigo degli Alberighi in *The Falcon*, singing a graceful little lyric, "Dead Mountain Flowers," with skill, and making the whole figure extremely pleasing and refined, and entirely in harmony with the gentle melancholy which pervades the Laureate's tender little dramatic idyll, based, like Longfellow's charmingly pathetic "Student's Tale" of "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," upon

“A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri’s garden old,
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping o’erhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain’s fall,
And her own voice more sweet than all.”

In the Harley Street library to this day there is a rather touching relic of this play in the form of a stuffed falcon, the bird which appeared in the title *rôle* of the Laureate’s play, originally a fine specimen of the wild or “haggard” falcon, which, after taming down into a general favourite and quite accomplished ornitho-histrion, suddenly died in the height of its dramatic fame, his place being filled for the remainder of the run by Mr. Michell’s highly-trained peregrine, Eurydice, the original “creator” of the part.

On March 13th, 1880, Mr. Kendal appeared successfully as John Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*; then came revivals of *The Queen’s Shilling* and *The Ladies’ Battle*, with the latter of which *A Regular Fix* was given, with Mr. Kendal as Sir Hugh de Brass.

As William, in Mr. W. G. Wills’s version of

Douglas Jerrold's famous old play, Mr. Kendal was manly and conscientious as ever; but the part was not altogether suitable to an actor *par excellence* of drawing-room parts, and there was a certain indefinable but very perceptible artificiality about the impersonation which detracted from its merit, and Mr. Kendal was seen to considerably greater advantage as Charles Denis in Mr. Coghlan's comedy, *Good Fortune*, adapted from Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and produced at the St. James's Theatre on December 4th, 1880. The play only ran for a month, but Mr. Kendal spared no pains in making his part a pathetic, dignified, natural impersonation.

In Mr. Pinero's clever comedy, *The Money Spinner*, Mr. Kendal created very cleverly the rôle of Lord Kingussie, a young Scotch nobleman, whose heart is bigger than his brain, and who has a very generous and high-minded sense of the obligations of his position. The impersonation was thoroughly well thought out, and acted with the care and distinction which Mr. Kendal always gives to such parts. Concurrently with this Mr. Kendal played Jasper

Carew in *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, and, later on, the *pièce de résistance* was alternated with *The Lady of Lyons*, with Mr. Kendal as a manly and romantic Claude Melnotte. On May 28th Mr. Kendal created the part of Captain Mainwaring, V.C., in Mr. Godfrey's play, *Coralie*; and on October 27th he appeared as Colonel White in the revival of *Home*, acting with a naturalism and agreeable manner which made the impersonation very acceptable, although it did not afford him any great opportunities.

Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Squire*, produced on December 29th, 1881, afforded Mr. Kendal an excellent and thoroughly sympathetic part in Lieutenant Thorndyke, a frank, manly fellow, full of good instincts, and with a heart of gold. Mr. Kendal emphasised both the light and shade of the part with admirable effect, and was uniformly excellent alike in the more emotional scenes, and in those which called for nothing more than quiet, firm, unaffected manliness.

The production of Mr. B. C. Stephenson's *Impulse*, founded on Xavier de Montepin's

"La Maison du Mari," on December 9th, 1882, was a huge success, playing to full houses until the end of the following July, and then being revived in September with renewed success, though only for a brief period. As Captain Crichton Mr. Kendal gave a curiously clever representation of an affected military lady-killer, every tone and gesture being carefully studied, and adding something to the completeness of the portrait.

Indifferently played, *Young Folk's Ways*, a tame piece, with a clumsy and misleading title, produced on October 20th, 1883, would probably have died stillborn. As it was, it enjoyed a run of fifty nights, and afforded Mr. Kendal an opportunity of doing some clever love-making in the character of Estabrook, a good-natured artist; and then came a revival of *A Scrap of Paper*, with Mr. Kendal in his original part.

A marked success, however, was in store for the theatre in Mr. Pinero's version of Georges Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forges," called *The Ironmaster*, produced on April 17th, 1884, which ran, with certain inevitable intervals,

until January 20th, 1885, Mr. Kendal impersonating Philippe Derblay with rare force and dignity, the part suiting his quiet, incisive method to perfection; while, when occasion served, he manifested a power and a passion which were all the more effective when contrasted with the recollection of the easy-going, nonchalant style usually identified with his impersonations.

From the splendid fashion in which *As You Like It* was put upon the stage of the St. James's Theatre on January 24th, 1885, it was evident that the Lyceum and the Princess's were not to enjoy the undisputed *prestige* of elaborate Shakespearean revivals. The beauty of the scenery and costumes spoke for itself, and displayed perfect taste as well as historical accuracy, and the revival was a notable one, worthy alike of the subject and the theatre. But, although the Orlando of Mr. Kendal again showed some good points and had its effective moments, it was not as successful as some other of his impersonations. It was rather a monotonous performance, dignified, capable, and picturesque, but somewhat commonplace in conception. The absence of variety of style,

of versatile gesture, of skilful modulation of voice, compelled a sense of sameness which robbed the character of some of its charm. This was followed by a revival of *The Queen's Shilling* and the production, on June 11th, of a comedietta called *The Castaway*, by Theyre Smith, in which Mr. Kendal appeared as Juan Larkspur. Then came a revival of *The Money Spinner*, and on October 31st the production of Mr. Pinero's comedy *Mayfair*.

The class of sentiment and situation so liberally provided for Parisians both in drama and in fiction, and devoured with so much avidity by the frequenters of the theatres and the customers of the kiosks, having obviously gained some hold upon the taste of London audiences, was forcibly illustrated in this play, an adaptation of Sardou's "La Maison Neuve." The tone of the play was unmistakably French from beginning to end, and though the moral was unimpeachable, it was arrived at by the aid of at least two offensive incidents, only redeemed from repulsiveness by entirely admirable acting.

In *Mayfair* Mr. Kendal gave a very faithful and careful study of a type of man common

enough in modern society. Mr. Pinero, wise in his generation, feeling that his audience would probably not take much interest in mere petty tradespeople, lifted his *dramat's personæ* on to a somewhat higher social platform in the process of adaptation. In "La Maison Neuve" the heroine is the wife of one small shopkeeper and niece of another, slave to a round of petty drudgery while knowing herself capable of better things, her horizon bounded by the mean limits of a small haberdasher's shop, a relic of old-fashioned humdrum trading, as strong a contrast to the spirit of the age as Baudu's little shop in the Rue Michodière was to Octave Mouret's colossal "Bonheur des Dames;" and as Jean and Denise Baudu rebelled against the restrictions of "The Old Elbœuf," with its sordid barricade of cloths and flannels, so did Claire and René long for "higher society" in their little shop in the Rue Thévenot.

But in *Mayfair* Claire and René Pillerat were metamorphosed into Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Roydant, the husband being a rather snobbish young stockbroker, and both of the young couple.

being consumed with vanity and discontent yearning to spread their small wings, and fly away westward down the wind of fashion. This they do, Geoffrey Roydant in particular going the pace, rushing upon ruin by his extravagant folly, becoming involved with an extravagant *demi-mondaine*, while his wife is entangled in a dangerous flirtation. Then, after a while, disillusioned and brought to their senses, they gladly fly back "on world-weary pinions," as the song has it, to the old home.

Mr. Kendal had a thankless part to play as Geoffrey Roydant, the ambitious and ungrateful young stockbroker, but made good capital out of it, rendered it as little offensive as fidelity to the dramatist's conception of the character would permit, and displayed at times a manly self-contempt and regret for his folly, expressed with a force and eloquence of real value to the play. Mr. Kendal's creation was life-like, intelligible, and artistically worked out, and Geoffrey Roydant, disagreeable as he was as a type of humanity, became an interesting stage-figure, and an impersonation of significance and worth.

This was followed on January 4th, 1886, by

a revival of *Impulse*; and on February 13th a new production gave Mr. Kendal one more opportunity of creating a *rôle* after his own heart.

Many years ago Charles Dickens, apostrophising dear old Tom Pinch, said, "There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount as on bright wings towards Heaven." It was just the story of one of those noble lies that was told in *Antoinette Rigaud*, a play translated from the French of M. Desclandes by the late Ernest Warren. The piece was one so thoroughly French in *motif* and incident that it could only have been "adapted" at some risk of losing something of the lucidity in which, in its translated form, it was none too rich; but although the original was closely adhered to, there was nothing really objectionable in the St. James's version. There were risky situations, but the moral was sound, though it was only reached by somewhat devious and doubtful paths.

As Henri de Tourvel, the brother of Antoinette, who sacrifices his career and his honour for the sake of his sister, and incurs the odium

and disgrace of being deemed guilty, on his own confession, of a despicable attempt to compromise the girl he loves, and so compel her father to give her to him, Mr. Kendal was manly, frank, and acceptable throughout ; and in the great scene with Antoinette, and in that in which he gives in his papers to the old general, he displayed power and pathos of the truest kind.

On May 24th, 1886, Mr. Kendal found another opportunity of showing his ability to represent characters demanding, by virtue of the circumstances by which they are conditioned, the expression of passionate emotion. The new play at the St. James's Theatre, *The Wife's Sacrifice*, adapted by Messrs. Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards from MM. d'Ennery and Tarbé's "Martyre," which, in its turn, was a dramatic version of a *feuilleton* in a Parisian journal, suffered in a sense by being based upon a palpable improbability ; for, deep and true as is the reverence shown to the mother in France, it is at least open to discussion whether a daughter, no matter how devoted, would sacrifice her own fair fame to save the

reputation of her parent. That the sacrifice further involved the wrecking of her happiness and that of her husband is a detail of secondary importance. But, accepting the situation and unique moral idiosyncrasy conceived by the dramatists without questioning the reasonableness of either, the play was indisputably fertile in emotional incidents and opportunities for the display of histrionic power.

As the sorely-tried husband, Julian, Count de Moray, Mr. Kendal gave one of the carefully considered and well-balanced representations of well-bred, dignified, good-hearted manliness, in which he is seen at his best. Keeping himself well in hand, never forgetting that gentlehood possesses its soul with something like patience, or at least refuses to parade its agony, there were yet moments, notably in the scenes with his self-accusing wife, in which Mr. Kendal displayed genuine power, which gained in effect, as such moments always do, by the contrast which they presented to the self-control and well-bred imperturbability of the other scenes. The impersonation was distinctly artistic, and emphatically assisted the

illusion of actuality, and the Count de Moray was accepted as a notable addition to Mr. Kendal's many excellent creations.

On March 7th, 1887, Mr. Kendal appeared as Lord Clancarty in the admirable revival of Tom Taylor's drama, *Lady Clancarty*, and gave a gallant, picturesque representation of the part; and in 1888 he took part in a series of revivals, including George W. Lovell's play, *The Wife's Secret*, in which he appeared as Sir Walter Amyott.

Upon the last night of the Hare and Kendal management Mr. Kendal appeared as Lieutenant Thorndyke in *The Squire*, and was enthusiastically received. In his speech at the close of the performance he paid a most graceful tribute to Mrs. Kendal, and expressed characteristically artistic and high-minded views of his profession.

Since that time Mr. Kendal, accompanied by his wife, has toured in the provinces with great success, and also appeared in London, Mr. Kendal impersonating Ira Lee, "the poet of the prairies," in Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Weaker Sex*,—first produced at the Theatre Royal,

Manchester, on September 28th, 1888, and afterwards at the Court Theatre on March 16th, 1889, the character being a finely conceived one, self-sacrifice and the resolution to "suffer and be strong" forming the dominant notes of the part, and the conditions tragically complex, the man being compelled to renounce his love for a daughter because of her mother's love for himself. Mr. Kendal acted the difficult dual *rôle* of Ira Lee and Philip Lester with equal delicacy and strength, and made a distinct artistic success. Upon its first performance Mr. Kendal appeared in the less important part of Dudley Silchester, the devoted lover who, in the original production, married Lady Vivash, leaving the heroine, Sylvia, free to marry Ira Lee.

On May 25th, 1889, Mr. Kendal created the part of Sir John Molyneux in Mr. Sydney Grundy's clever comedy, *A White Lie*, the character of the imperturbable, cold, unimpassioned, apparently indifferent, but really suspicious husband, being enacted by him with excellent art and *finessc*. The run of the piece terminated on July 12th, and on the 16th

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were entertained at a banquet at the Hôtel Métropole, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., occupying the chair, and paying an eloquent and well-deserved tribute to the guests of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal subsequently sailed for America with the good wishes of all who knew them, and commenced their tour with a completely successful production of *The Squire* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on October 14th, 1890.



MR. CHARLES WARNER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Which of us is happy in our work
Which of us has his dearest
home in his school? The River
Charles Warner

CHARLES WARNER.

THE great body of English people, with their national fetishes of beef and beer and their insular scorn of kickshaws, are a little prone to exhibit a somewhat similar taste in art to that which distinguishes them in *menu* matters. Not for these diners the dainty table-triumphs of the disciples of Brillat-Savarin, nor for them the dramatic *soufflés* of the Gaiety, the *omelettes aux fines herbes* of the Lyceum, or the *cuvées reserves* of Criterion comedy. They long for more solid, substantial, satisfying fare, honestly believing that it is upon such diet, mental and physical, that the true Englishman thrives and is sustained. As Defoe put it, in his vigorous but coarse fashion,—

“ The climate makes them terrible and bold,
And English beef their courage does uphold ;
No danger can their daring spirit pall,
Always provided that their belly's full.”

The average Englishman likes to take his sentiment with full flavour and good body, and nothing pleases him so well upon the stage as the robust school of acting, full of muscular and moral energy, in the embodiment of which he likes to imagine that he sees himself, or at the least a typical John Bull, in whom he recognises an effulgent splendour, in the reflected glory of which he himself may bask.

It flatters his cultivated patriotism and his natural *amour-propre* to pass with one of these tempestuous and heroic personages through the storm and stress of his stage life, and in applauding the actor he virtually enjoys the issue of a testimonial to his own worth.

The redeeming feature of this self-worship by proxy is that there is generally, in the case of the actors who win enduring popularity, an under-current of sterling merit, which justifies a measure of hero-worship. Beneath the leather-lunged vociferation and the frenzied gesticulation may be heard and seen the controlling power of art, assigning a limit, if now and then a rather liberal one, to the demonstration of emotional excitement ; and between the

lines of the moral copy-book headings and conventional platitudes may be read an honest purpose to indicate sentiments worthy of manhood at its best.

A popular favourite in the tempestuous school of acting, and one in whose work there has frequently been given evidence of genuine power as distinct from mere physical force, is Mr. Charles Warner, who, for a quarter of a century or so, has impersonated robust heroes with a persistency in itself little less than heroic. One could imagine that a spell of villainy would be welcomed as an absolute relief by Mr. Warner, whose virtue and magnanimity must have become a little monotonous. He must sometimes yearn, in his superlatively virtuous moments, to indulge in a murder, and his sublime self-abnegation, leading him to share his last crust with some starving woman, or seek heart-breaking work to win food for a white-faced wife, if possible one degree more heroic than himself, must sometimes have evoked a momentary mad desire to turn and rend the object of his self-sacrifice.

Broad-shouldered, well set-up, with a round, merry face, short, thoroughly English features, and a voice warranted to reach to the topmost gallery and remotest corner of any theatre in the universe, Mr. Warner is the sort of actor who takes his audience captive by sheer force of his personality. Not for him the patient beleaguering of a citadel or the subtle diplomacy exercised by a general who directs a battle from the rear. Mr. Warner is always in the front, at the head of his stage army, brandishing his sword, whooping his war-cry, leading, if occasion demands, a forlorn hope with magnificent courage to death or glory. To his credit be it added that it is generally to the latter, and that many a dramatic weakling has been carried in triumph on his broad shoulders to victory in the teeth of obstacles grave and beyond number.

That such pluck and daring go straight to the hearts of a British audience has often been proved by curious expressions of sympathy on the part of the audience towards the actor, whose trials and temptations, troubles and triumphs, they have made their own.

An amusing instance of this occurred when Mr. Warner was acting Coupeau in *Drink*—Charles Reade's dramatic version of MM. Zola, Busnach, and Gastineau's *L'Assommoir*—when one night, just as Coupeau was yielding afresh to the temptation which was the bane of his life, a good-natured sympathiser in the gallery called out with rough good-will, "Don't touch it, mate! Put it down!" So naïve an expression of interest was perhaps the truest tribute to the fidelity and power to the actor's art which he could have desired.

Of the strange tricks which are sometimes played at the expense of actors and actresses who have made something of a name Mr. Warner tells a very odd story, absolutely true, yet stranger than most fiction.

It is no uncommon thing for some miserable woman, haled before the bench for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, to calmly and without the shadow of justification describe herself as an actress; but Mr. Warner's story is one of even more impudent and serious personation.

Upon the occasion of his farewell *matinée* at Drury Lane Mr. Warner's daughter, Gracie, made her *début* as Juliet. On the actor's arrival in Australia he received a letter from his brother, stating that a gentleman had called upon him respecting his cousin's marriage with Mr. Warner's sister. As Mr. Warner has no sister, this naturally surprised his brother, and subsequently himself. Then the gentleman's story came out. His cousin, he said, had seen Mr. Warner's sister play Juliet, had fallen in love with her, and married her ! Circumstances arose to which his family, not without good reason, objected, and he had come to Mr. Warner's brother for a consultation as to what could be done. He was assured that the woman was an impostor. It appeared that she had persuaded her dupe that she had actually played Juliet at the Drury Lane performance ; that Miss Gracie Warner had been seized with stage fright, and she had been sent for at the last moment. In proof of her story she displayed a number of faded bouquets, ostensibly tributes to her art. The unfortunate gentleman married her, and soon repented.

Since then he has been confined in an asylum, while the woman is still at large. Mr. Warner adds, with one of his quiet twinkles, " Detectives were set to work, and my sham sister's career was found to be the reverse of saintly."

Mr. Warner, despite his shoutings and his athletic exercises, possesses a fund of genuine emotional power, and on many an occasion has proved that he not only has a keen perception of the *nuances* of human character, but can represent them with fidelity and *finesse*.

It was about the year 1863, when he was only seventeen years old, that Charles Warner made his first appearance upon the stage at Henley-on-Thames, and after a brief period of apprenticeship in the provinces he came to London in 1864, and made a somewhat ambitious *début* upon the metropolitan stage at the Princess's Theatre as Romeo. Then followed a period of comparative obscurity, spent in various theatres, including a three years' engagement at Drury Lane, under Mr. F. B. Chatterton's management, during which he had the opportunity of taking part in some excellent Shakespearean revivals. But

it was some time later, when a member of Mr. Liston's company at the Olympic, that the actor got his first real chance, and took advantage of it, by creating with great success the part of Charley Burrridge in Byron's comedy *Daisy Farm*, which led to his engagement by Mrs. Bateman, during which he played the part of Alfred Jingle in Albery's *Pickwick*, after Mr. Irving's creation of the character at the Lyceum.

Mr. Warner's reminiscences of his early days are often amusing enough, and not without significance, the contrast between the stage of to-day and that of seven-and-twenty years ago, when, as a stage-struck boy of seventeen, he ran away from home and obtained his first engagement at Henley, being sufficiently striking. Mr. Warner likes to tell how, in those far-off days, he played thirteen parts in the first week of his appearance upon any stage, having to master two, that of Bras Rouge in *The Mysteries of Paris*, and Muley in *The Castle Spectre*, after twelve o'clock upon the day of his arrival, in order to appear in them the same evening.

That this experience was valuable, however, was at once evident, and Mr. Warner soon became of necessity a "quick study," being absolutely letter-perfect before he was twenty in the parts of King John, Hubert, Faulconbridge, Romeo, Othello, Shylock, St. Pierre in *The Wife*, *The Stranger*, William in *Black-eyed Susan*; Iago, William Tell, and Ingomar, as well as fairly coached in dozens of others.

It was during this first engagement that Mr. Warner was hauled over the coals by his irate manager for not wearing a pair of kid gloves in the wedding scene in *All That Glitters is not Gold*, when, as a matter of fact, he had taxed his meagre salary of eighteen shillings a week to the extent of purchasing a most delicate pair of flesh-coloured gloves, the similarity of which to nature misled old Mr. Rogers, the manager, and was eventually the cause of Mr. Warner's leaving his company and coming to London, as the country manager declined to give the boy-actor an extra two shillings a week. "Great events from little causes spring," and to this dispute, arising from a pair of pink kid gloves, the metropolitan stage owed a new recruit,

destined ere long to develop into a popular favourite of the first order.

Mr. Warner, like most actors, had his little slips and *contretemps* in his early days, and one of the most amusing occurred when he was quite a stripling, acting at Drury Lane under the management of Phelps, who was always extremely kind to the young player, who gained an invaluable knowledge of Shakespeare under the Phelps *régime*.

One evening the great actor called the young beginner into his room at Drury Lane and said, "Now, my lad, I'm going to make an actor of you, and I think you've got the stuff in you. *Richelieu* will be my next play, and I shall cast you for François. You must take great pains, and I'll assist you in every way that I can." Charles Warner was naturally in the seventh heaven of delight at this, as he had never yet played so important a part. The first night came. It will be remembered that after *Richelieu's* great soliloquy François rushes in, and the great Cardinal exclaims, "The despatch, boy! Life—death——" in breathless excitement. At this supreme moment Phelps gave a tremendously

grim and prolonged "Ha!" which so frightened the latest François that he fell on his knees mute. Phelps repeated the lines; but François was still dumb, choking with nervous excitement. Again Phelps repeated, "The despatch, boy!" Then, instead of uttering the lengthy and important speech revealing the conspiracy, all he could stammer out was, "I—I—haven't got it!" Phelps growled out, quite audibly, "Oh! d—you! You're ruined!" and the actor got off the stage as best he could. He hid himself in his room, and cried like a child.

Before the performance on the next night Phelps sent for Charles Warner, who obeyed the summons tremblingly, but to his intense relief the veteran and kindly actor said to him, in a gentle and fatherly fashion, "Come here, my boy. Why, how nervous you were! You'll be all right to-night, eh?"

"Sir," said the lad, "it was that dreadful 'Ha!' You didn't do it at rehearsal!" At this the old tragedian laughed outright. The lad *was* all right at night, and afterwards Phelps was Charles Warner's best friend.

In those far-off days, too, Mr. Warner

enacted the part of Orpheus in Mr. Wills' adaptation of *Medea in Corinth*, and remained with the Lyceum company for two years, subsequently migrating to Sadler's Wells with Mrs. Bateman, under whose management he appeared in a number of Shakespearean parts, his success in which Mr. Warner has always attributed in large measure to the excellent training which he obtained in Shakespearean impersonation while acting with Samuel Phelps.

Then followed a series of successes at the Vaudeville, where Mr. Warner's impersonations of Harry Dornton in *The Road to Ruin*, Puff in *The Critic*, Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*, a dashing and breezy impersonation, and other rôles of importance in the revivals of old comedy, paved the way for his success as Charles Middlewick, which part he created in Byron's evergreen comedy *Our Boys*—since played thousands of times—which was first produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on the night of January 16th, 1875, and when read by the author to the company was thought very little of, and given about a month as the probable duration of its stage life.

On January 6th, 1877, Mr. Warner appeared as Vladimir in *The Danischeffs*, at the St. James's Theatre. In 1878 he was engaged at the Princess's, acting the part of Henry Shore in Mr. Wills's drama *Jane Shore*, and appearing at a Lyceum *matinée* as Jack Wyatt in *Two Roses*, Mr. Irving being the Digby Grant of the occasion, and in a Princess's revival of Tom Taylor's powerful drama, *Never too Late to Mend*, in 1879, he scored heavily as Tom Robinson, painting the good-hearted but foolishly weak character to perfection, and showing to equal advantage as the easy-going, devil-may-care fellow of the first act ; the hardened, desperate convict ; and the repentant and cheery figure of the later scenes, thereby giving a convincing proof of his artistic versatility, and confirming the good opinion of his critics.

It was on Monday, June 2nd, 1879, that Mr. Warner first showed London playgoers the powerful realism which he held at command in his remarkable impersonation of the drunken Coupeau in *Drink*. As naturalism was as the very breath of life, not only to

Emile Zola, the author of *L'Assommoir*, but also to Charles Reade, the adaptor of the gruesome story for the stage, Mr. Warner obviously determined not to be found lacking in the same quality, and his creation, terrible and loathsome as it was at times, was a piece of genuine art, evidencing close study and an entirely remarkable force in reproducing his impressions.

Mr. Warner's Coupeau was a revelation. No one had suspected him of the possession of so much latent power, of so shrewd an appreciation of character, of so excellent a capacity for reproducing the minutest detail of appearance, gesture, and pose of the wretched hero of the tragedy—if one may call the piece a tragedy—with the microscopic fidelity to detail of a Gerard Douw. Coupeau, in Mr. Warner's hands, became an incarnate homily. By a thousand subtle touches, as well as by the broader painting of the delirium scene, the actor showed with most admirable art the utter degradation brought about by drink. With all the pathos of the horrifying contrast between the bright cheery young *ouvrier* of the early part of the

play, and the wretched, drink-sodden, ragged maniac of the later scene, Mr. Warner preached his awful sermon from behind the footlights with a force and mastery of detail which appalled his audience, but wrote him down once and for all time a genuine artist of the first rank. The one regrettable point in connection with the impersonation is, that Mr. Warner has never given the public any other creation quite so powerful, quite so complete in its tragic hideousness, since Zola's works, of course, only lend themselves to a drama of degradation; but such works as *Drink*, such studies as *Coupeau*, by showing as in a mirror the actualities of depravity and vice, may be conceded an ethical value none the less true, none the less effective, that it is afforded by the stage instead of the pulpit. Mr. Warner's *Coupeau* was the very incarnation of that terrible tragedy of everyday life which slays its tens of thousands year by year, but the very horror of which is obscured by its familiarity. It is well that now and then the world should see the monster in all its hideousness by the aid of such art as that which made *Coupeau* a nightmare-horror,

with the added misery that we knew it to be true. The gradual degradation of body and soul, which is the inevitable price to be paid for the indulgence of the drink-passion, were shown by Mr. Warner with genuine art. True, that the ultimate outcome was loathsome and appalling ; true that the spectacle of the hideous, bloated, besotted wretch was even more repellent than it was pitiable ; true, that the horror of *delirium tremens* was portrayed with revolting fidelity, but it may fairly be contended not only that the actor was compelled by the conditions of his art to be realistic or nothing, but, further, that never even in his most agonising moments could he be said to have exaggerated the terrors of actuality.

It is interesting to remember, in connection with this much-discussed impersonation, that Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin, both of whom were familiar with the original creation of the part by Gill-Naza, took more than one opportunity of studying Mr. Warner's acting as Coupeau ; that Coquelin described it as one of the finest dramatic efforts ever seen on any stage ; that Francisque Sarcey, than whom no

better judge could be desired, described Mr. Warner's rendering as altogether superior to that of Gill-Naza; while the author, Charles Reade, showed his appreciation by sending the actor a loving cup, inscribed on the front: "Me Carolus Carolo Frater In Arte Dedit," and on the base: "To Charles Warner, in memory of Jean Coupeau and Tom Robinson, and how I profited by his humour, his tenderness, his passion, and that great art of keeping the stage alive, in which he yields to no living actor—this loving-cup is presented by Charles Reade, July 1879."

Drink sufficed to fill the Princess's Theatre until February 16th, 1880, when it was followed by a successful revival of *The Streets of London*, in which Mr. Warner was seen to great advantage as Badger, finding opportunities for the display of considerable versatility, and holding the sympathy of the audience intact from the rise to the final fall of the curtain.

At the end of September in the same year Mr. Warner migrated to the New Sadler's Wells Theatre, and there appeared as Othello and in other leading parts in a series of revivals

of Shakespeare, the "legitimate" drama and old comedy, proving by his careful acting and by the ease with which he adapted himself to the various rôles, how thoroughly he was master of his art. Mr. Warner's Othello was now and then a little too inclined to storm and rave, but if not as unconventional as a reading of the part must necessarily be nowadays in order to show distinction, was at least the obvious outcome of conscientious and intelligent study.

During this engagement Mr. Warner also assumed amongst other parts those of Ingomar in *The Son of the Wilderness*, in which he emphasised the vigorous qualities of the barbarian with all the strength of brain and muscle; Charles Surface, in which he brought out to the full the devil-may-care, swaggering recklessness of the rôle, but without breaking away in any marked degree from traditional "business," and Harry Dornton in *The Road to Ruin*, in which again Mr. Warner was energetic in the extreme, and acted well, if conventionally.

On March 14th, 1881, Mr. Warner created with marked and instant success the rôle of

Michael Strogoff, the young Russian soldier, in Mr. H. J. Byron's drama of that name, adapted from the French of MM. d'Ennery and Jules Verne, and produced at the Adelphi Theatre.

Upon the first night of the new piece an accident happened to Mr. Warner, whose courage and loyal determination to go on at all cost saved what might have been a fatal collapse of the play at a critical moment.



MR. WARNER AS MICHAEL
STROGOFF.

When Michael Strogoff, bearing despatches to the Russian Grand Duke, beleagured by the Emir of Bokhara, was set upon by Ivan Ogareff,

the villain of the piece, played by Mr. Fernandez with his usual power and ability, a duel with daggers ensued, and in the excitement Mr. Warner received a severe wound in the hand. The blood streamed from it; Mr. Fernandez was horror-stricken at the mishap, but Mr. Warner, though sickened with pain and faint from loss of blood, kept the wounded hand behind him out of the sight of the audience, and played his part to the end, nearly fainting after the fall of the curtain. It happened that Mrs. Warner was in the audience at the time, and did not know of the accident; but a friend who was with her heard of it, and managed to keep her in her stall after the performance, instead of letting her go round behind the scenes to her husband, when, as soon as the house was empty, the curtain being as usual drawn up, the first intimation of the accident was conveyed to Mrs. Warner by the sight of her husband, pale and faint, upon a couch on the stage, surrounded by a group of sympathising brother actors. The wound proved a serious one, but with characteristic thoroughness Mr. Warner continued his impersonation, though for some time

he had to play with his arm in a sling—a touch of realism with which he would willingly have dispensed.

On August 1st Mr. Warner appeared successfully as Richard Pride in a revival of Dion Boucicault's *Janet Pride* and on September 8th as Tom Robinson in a revival of *It's Never too Late to Mend*, in which he was seen to great advantage as the good-natured, erring fellow, impudent and swaggering at first, then desperate and brutalised by the horrors of convict life, and finally reformed, and jovial, and manly, as Mr. Warner knows so well how to make his characters. As Walter Lee, the artist hero of Mr. Pettitt's drama *Taken from Life*, produced at the Adelphi on December 31st, 1881, Mr. Warner's robust temperament was not quite so well adapted to a rôle demanding a somewhat more subdued treatment than the characters usually undertaken by him.

The new year brought Mr. Warner an opportunity of creating a character differing totally in style from the majority of those with which he had become identified in the past; and when Mr. Charles Reade's dramatic version

of the Laureate's beautiful idyllic poem, *Dora*, was placed upon the Adelphi stage, in January 1883, the Farmer Allan proved to be something of a surprise to those who had yet to learn the quiet power of which Mr. Warner has the command. The make-up of the actor as the old farmer was artistic in the extreme ; so too were his suggestions of age in walk and bearing ; and the combined tenderness and rough, stubborn self-will of the old man were conveyed by Mr. Warner with excellent skill. He was never "out of the picture" as Farmer Allan. The mannerisms peculiar to melodramatic heroes were discarded as though they had never been, and in their place was shown a quiet, powerful, convincing style, which was not only in itself a higher form of art, but served to show that when the opportunity arose the actor could keep himself well in hand, and indicate strong emotion without the meretricious aid of noisy declamation or impassioned gesticulation. His Farmer Allan was a notably excellent creation, well thought out, and rendered with a quiet realism as artistic as it was satisfying.



MR. CHARLES WARNER AS CHRISTIAN CHRISTIANSEN IN
"STORMBEATEN."

In *Stormbeaten*, Mr. Robert Buchanan's dramatic version of his powerful novel "God and the Man," produced at the Adelphi on March 14th, 1883, Mr. Warner, as Christian Christiansen, had a picturesque and effective part, of which he made the most, his acting throughout being extremely vigorous. In the sensational scene of the drama, in which, gaunt, grim, and horrible to look upon, he had to go through a quantity of unpleasant "business" upon an ice-floe, he was appallingly realistic, and reminded the audience of his terrible scene in *Drink* by his forcible and unflinching fidelity to nature. The principal burden of the play was again cast upon Mr. Warner, and from first to last he carried it triumphantly along with apparent ease, and seemed to enjoy his work quite as much as did his audience.

Playgoers naturally anticipated great things from the collaboration of two such skilful dramatists as Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, and *In the Ranks*, produced at the Adelphi on October 6th, 1883, proved to be a good play and a clever play, but neither so good nor so clever as former work from the same pens

had led the public to expect ; the new play was emotional and realistic, topical and amusing, but the last only in a somewhat disappointing degree. The ready wit, the keen satire, the genuine pathos of other plays by Mr. Sims were not conspicuously present. There were humour, satire, and pathos in the new drama, but the humour was a little forced, the satire not always wisely directed, the pathos not always sympathy-compelling.

None the less *In the Ranks* undoubtedly served to provide Mr. Charles Warner with an effective rôle. The principal burden of the action fell to Mr. Warner's share as Ned Drayton, and he played his part with immense vigour and great ability. His genial face, of the true Anglo-Saxon type, won its way very quickly to the hearts of the audience, and whether as the handsome, prosperous young heir, in the opening scenes of the play ; or the broken-hearted, disgraced man ; or the manly, well got-up soldier, he looked and acted his part to perfection. In some of his scenes with the heroine Mr. Warner's acting was extremely affecting, and the strong man's agony was

manifest in every look and gesture. A little prone to over-act the more serious passages and tear the passion to tatters, Mr. Warner was occasionally a little too tempestuous; but, judged as a whole, his Ned Drayton was a vigorous, artistic creation, and a notable addition to his *répertoire*.

On April 4th, 1885, a characteristic drama by Mr. Sims, called *The Last Chance*, was produced at the Adelphi, with Mr. Charles Warner as the unfortunate hero, Frank Daryll, one of those handsome, good-hearted, repentant prodigals—very manly and tender with his wife and broken-hearted old father; very vigorous and scornful in his righteous indignation—of which Mr. Warner knows so well how to make a noteworthy and sympathetic figure.

The play itself abounded in exaggerations, the humour was often strained, the moral platitudes hackneyed both in expression and idea, and there was a good deal of claptrap nonsense about the condition of the masses, cheap philanthropy, and semi-socialistic fustian, which a writer of Mr. Sims's ability must have

introduced in defiance of his own convictions. But exaggeration was the fault of the whole play. The pathos, the misery, the vice, all were overdone, and the success of the piece was made by a series of exciting situations, excellent acting, and effective scenery. It might, however, be urged, not without justice, that if such plays serve to show but one man or woman the snares and pitfalls of everyday life, the misery that dogs the steps of sin, the peace and happiness that are alone to be found in virtue, a dramatist may well be excused for painting the pictures in glaring colours, if in that way he succeeds in making himself understood.

Mr. Warner's robust and manly realisation of the author's creation, Frank Daryll, was, in its way, excellent. The bluff, generous, careless ne'er-do-well suited the actor's broad and strenuous style to perfection, and the *rôle* proved a distinct addition to the popular heroes of the stage, of which the actor has, in his day, created so many.

On August 8th of the same year Mr. Warner resumed his favourite impersonation of Tom Robinson in *It's Never too Late to Mend*, and

in 1886 he took up the part of Tom Jones, during part of the run of Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, *Sophia*, at the Vaudeville, giving due emphasis to the more manly and lovable qualities of Fielding's scapegrace hero, and keeping the drunken scene and other dubious moments of the play within discreet, well-defined limits. Here, too, in July Mr. Warner appeared as Harry Dornton in an excellent revival of *The Road to Ruin*, and the only fault of his impersonation was an excess of earnestness.

In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's romantic drama, *The Noble Vagabond*, produced at the Princess's Theatre on December 22nd, 1886, Mr. Warner was cast for the hero, Ralph Lester, and he undoubtedly made the figure picturesque and sympathetic; but the play was not a popular success, and despite the fact that its title seemed to promise an ideal character for an actor of Mr. Warner's calibre, the rôle was not one of his marked successes.

During the year 1887 Mr. Warner created the part of Colonel Charles Prescott, in Mr. William Gillette's drama *Held by the Enemy*, produced at the Princess's Theatre on April

2nd, and his impersonation was marked by a characteristic robust manliness and chivalrous tenderness, which compelled and retained the sympathy of the audience for Colonel Prescott through all his trying vicissitudes, and made the part a pleasant and striking memory. On July 2nd the play was transferred to the Vaudeville, where Mr. Warner continued his original impersonation with signal success; in August he appeared at a Gaiety *matinée* in *Loyal Love*, and on December 9th was the subject of a remarkably successful benefit *matinée* at Drury Lane prior to his departure for a tour in Australia, during which he appeared in most of his popular parts with great success, only returning to England, full of pleasant memories of his cordial welcome in the Antipodes, on August 8th, 1890.

In the actor's life, perhaps more than in any other, the tragic and the comic tread most closely upon each other's heels, and of the sadder side of life Mr. Warner had a remarkable experience when in Australia.

The opera of *Faust* was produced with great magnificence, and on the opening night Federici

was to play Mephistopheles for the first time. He was painfully nervous, and seemed oppressed with a vague presentiment of some coming evil. He said to his wife when leaving home for the theatre that he did not think he would ever sing again. His fears were realised in terrible fashion. After uttering the last note, as Mephistopheles descends into Hades, the singer gave one deep sigh and fell—dead!

Nor was this all. At the funeral, at which thousands came together, as the calamity was the subject of universal sorrow, the clergyman, a venerable man, had only just spoken the solemn words, "In the midst of life we are in death," when he fell forward senseless on the brink of the grave, and had to be carried away attended by his doctor, who happened to be on the ground. The service for the dead came to an abrupt halt. There was no other clergyman within some miles of the spot, and eventually it was Charles Warner who read the remainder of the service over his dead friend and brother artist—a strange and pathetic instance of the truth that a man in his time "plays many parts."

Mr. Warner made his re-appearance in London on the stage of Drury Lane, on September 6th, as Harry Dunstable in Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris's drama, *A Million of Money*, enacting the part of a curious kind of hero, a big-hearted, generous, rather stupid fellow, yet with wit enough to recognise that his so-called friends are bleeding him at every pore after he inherits his vast fortune, while kindly enough not to check them in their sponging operations. Many of the situations in the play are highly improbable. So, too, are the circumstances which condition the life of the hero; but by a characteristic "go" and thoroughness, a frank geniality, an artistically controlled display of passion and contemptuous indignation when the adventuress of the play, having tricked and fooled and ruined him, laughs in his face and dismisses him, Mr. Warner gave proof of his excellent capacity for making the utmost of the material at his disposal. So thoroughly, indeed, did the actor succeed in blurring all the improbabilities and inconsistencies of the character, and gripping the sympathy of his audience by hearty manliness,

frank humour, tender love-making, and strong, passionate indignation and remorse, that the more demonstrative section could only express its feelings adequately by inarticulate cries and wild whistles and cat-calls—a primitive but indisputable proof of ebullient delight. Mr. Warner contrived to give a semblance of possibility to the figure in the play and its surroundings, and his efforts at least served to prove that he was not only an earnest actor, but that his personal popularity was beyond dispute.

Like most of the popular actors of the period, Mr. Warner off the stage is essentially a domesticated man. His charming house in the north of London is a very storehouse of artistic and interesting things, as well as a miniature Zoo of pet animals, all of whom know and love their master.

In the actor's pretty rooms, ivories from Japan, hundreds of pieces of rare and dainty china, including a splendid collection of old Wedgwood and Dresden of the best periods, stand upon every available resting-place, or gleam softly from within the security of a cabinet; and one magnificent piece of Japanese

carved ivory and mother-o'-pearl—a large vase of flowers, with birds hovering over it—has, as so exquisite a bit of work deserves, the honour of an easel to itself.

On all sides are souvenirs of the actor's travels—silver services from Colombo, ivory elephants, Spanish fans, and a hundred beautiful things of the kind; and that of which Mr. Warner is proudest, the handsome loving-cup given to him by Charles Reade, and a marble statuette, presented to him by Mr. Walter Gooch on the hundredth night of *Drink*.

Amid such pleasant and artistic surroundings the popular actor spends such leisure as he has. His strapping son is a handsome, sturdy fellow, musician, boxer, fencer, student, boater, cricketer—all that an English lad should be, and an aspirant to histrionic honours as well, when in good time he shall have been to Oxford or Cambridge; and his clever and charming daughter has inherited so fully her father's talent, that she has already fulfilled profitable engagements. His huge St. Bernard, a faithful creature, daughter of the dog that played in *Stormbeaten* with Mr. Warner; and a chattering

magpie, which the actor brought from New Zealand upon his return from his recent tour through Australasia, where he made so many friends and met with so much success that ere long he will make a return visit, are features, too, of his home life.

Mr. Warner is devoted to his home, and everything therein, and in return has the happiness of knowing that he enjoys the goodwill and affection of all about him, and of troops of friends who have learned to value him both as an actor and a man.



MR. ARTHUR CECIL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE STEREOSCOPIC
COMPANY.

Yours faithfully
Arthur Cecil

ARTHUR CECIL.

MR. ARTHUR CECIL, who comes of a family of hereditary solicitors, if one may use the term, and is said to have to this day a peculiar affection for a black bag, carried in season and out of season with a devotion worthy of a better cause, attained his professional majority in 1890, as it was on Easter Monday 1869 that he appeared for the first time at the old Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street, as a member of the German Reed Operetta Company, as Mr. Churchman, in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *No Cards*, and as Box, in Messrs. Burnand and Sullivan's operetta, *Box and Cox*.

Like a shrewd and conscientious artist, Mr. Cecil has been learning something ever since, adding continually to the *technique* of his art, polishing and refining, elaborating and discarding, until now that he has come of age in his profession he ranks with the most

popular and able players of the period, two not necessarily concurrent conditions.

Mr. Cecil's method upon the stage is very much that of the miniaturist in another form of art, with the exception that while miniature painting proper is somewhat of a derelict from a dead-and-gone age, the microscopic character-painting of the stage is more and more a thing of the day, and the note of an essentially progressive dramatic school.

And yet there is, too, in such acting as Mr. Cecil's something of the delicacy of touch, something suggestive of a leisurely ripening to maturity, something, if one may venture upon such a parallel, of the concentrated labour of the old-time monks, who spent their lives in completing in the richest perfection of elaborate detail their art products in the shape of missal, psalter, or tome, such as Friar's Jerome's "Beautiful Book," of which, when at last the devoted hand put down its pencil, it was with the knowledge that all was done, that the work was "finished, down to the leaf and the snail; down to the eyes on the peacock's tail."

Some such conscientious completeness of

execution characterises Mr. Arthur Cecil's acting, and has from the first lent it a respectability, and latterly a refinement, often out of proportion to the apparent artistic value of the part. Even in the wild extravagance of a boisterous farce like *The Magistrate*, when the utmost boundaries of probability are overstepped in the interests of irresistible comicality, it is impossible not to recognise a certain artistic restraint and definite method, paradoxical as the assertion may seem; and one feels how hopelessly impossible and unfunny such extravagant vagaries would be enacted by a less able performer. Mr. Arthur Cecil's Mr. Posket is just credible enough to be amusing in the highest degree, but in less capable control it would be outside the boundary of possibility, and therefore, at once, unacceptable, absurd possibly offensive, and very certainly tiresome.

Mr. Cecil's stage life has been full of the variety which is of so much value in training an actor, enabling him not only to impersonate all sorts of characters almost equally well, but to discern in which particular direction his peculiar talent lies, and to develop that

talent to its utmost extent. Mr. Cecil's experience with the German Reed company was specially valuable in striking the key-note of his professional career, as the kind of work then entrusted to him, and the class of audience which formed the regular *clientèle* of the Gallery of Illustration, demanded just the quiet, shrewd, whimsical, highly-finished acting method which Mr. Cecil had at command, and which, as time went on, mellowed and perfected itself, like good wine, almost imperceptibly, the richer body and bouquet only being gratefully recognised by connoisseurs when a new bottle was opened in the form of a new character.

In 1874 Mr. Cecil became a member of the Globe company, sustaining the *rôles* of Jonathan Wagstaff in Mr. Gilbert's comedy, *Committed for Trial*, and Mr. Justice Jones in James Albery's comedy, *Wig and Gown*, showing in both the quiet, well-balanced humour which is his distinctive characteristic ; and on December 19th of the same year he invested Dr. Caius, in a Gaiety revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with a shrewd, clean-cut whimsicality of his own, which was further evidenced in his

bright and crisp impersonation of Touchstone—so tiresome a cap-and-bells philosopher unless admirably acted—in a revival of *As You Like It*, at the Opéra Comique. During the same year Mr. Cecil impersonated at the Gaiety Theatre Duke Anatole in Messrs. Reece and Lecocq's *Island of Bachelors*; Charles in H. J. Byron's *Oil and Vinegar*; and on the occasion of his benefit *matinée*, in January 1876, Monsieur Jaques in the musical comedietta of that name, and Sir Harcourt Courtly in a revival of *London Assurance*, the latter being a most finished and delightful piece of true comedy. Mr. Cecil also added to his already excellent reputation by his impersonation of Tourbillon in *To Parents and Guardians*, and in 1876 made still further progress in the favour of the playgoing public by such excellent creations as Eustace Chapuis, at the Haymarket, in Tom Taylor's *Anne Boleyn*; Dr. Downward in Wilkie Collins's powerful play *Miss Gwilt*, a dramatisation of *Armadale*, in which part he displayed no mean amount of power, and a most convincing realism; and Sir Woodbine Grafton in *Peril*, as a member of Mr. Bancroft's company

at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Cecil's careful and delicately elaborated study of Sir Woodbine Grafton left nothing to be desired, and fully confirmed the judgment of those who years before had recognised in the actor one of the coming comedians of the best school.

The reserve of tenderness and pathos which must form part of the latent power of a comedian of Mr. Cecil's class was admirably brought out in the following year, 1876, in his creation of the character of the Rev. Noel Haygarth, in Savile Rowe's, or, in other words, Mr. Clement Scott's, delightful little piece, *The Vicarage*, adapted from Octave Feuillet's *Le Village*, in which the actor displayed a refinement and delicacy of conception of the part which stamped him as of the first order of talent; and in 1878 he created with conscientious finish the minor part of the Russian agent Baron Stein in *Diplomacy*, by Messrs. B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, giving the character distinction by a clever make-up, and a still more clever indication of the very nature of the man by minutely studied gestures, tones, and bearing.

On January 11th, 1879, Mr. Cecil took up the part of Sam Gerridge in a revival of *Caste* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and his rough specimen of the British working-man was to the full as faithful and satisfying a piece of character-acting as any of the more polished creations which had preceded it; nor was he less successful in his impersonation of Tom Dibbles in *Good for Nothing*, which afforded him one more opportunity for the display of his broader methods, and made an excellent companion picture to the Sam Gerridge, which had come as a revelation to those who had only known him in his more delicately finished rôles.

On September 27th of the same year Mr. Cecil created, with his usual care and consequent effect, the rôle of John Hammond, M.P., in *Duty*; and on May 1st, 1880, he took Mr. Hare's old part of Beau Farintosh in a revival of *School* at the Haymarket, and gave an almost painfully realistic study of the doddering old *roué*, no single movement of the feeble body, no tone of the high-pitched quavering voice of senility, being without its value in completing

the lifelike portrait of a very objectionable type of old man. Mr. Cecil resumed this character, and also that of the Rev. Noel Haygarth when *School* and *The Vicarage* were again revived on November 27th.

Mr. Cecil, with his gift of painting the *minutiæ* of character with such telling effect, found a peculiarly fascinating subject for the exercise of his art in his impersonation of Colley Cibber in the Haymarket revival of *Masks and Faces* on February 5th, 1881, when there was not a fold of the dainty lace ruffles, not a hair of the elaborate *touppée*, not a line of the wrinkled face, not a wave of the delicate hand, not a movement of the foppish cane,—which did not seem to have been the subject of special study, so admirably did every detail fit into its place in the formation of an ideally complete representation of a character in itself so excellently adapted for the display of Mr. Cecil's most distinctive qualities. In alternation with Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Cecil also played Triplet in this revival, but, while it was a careful and artistic performance, it did not prove so completely convincing as that of the old cynic.

On June 11th Mr. Cecil added to his collection of dramatic miniatures a delicately executed impersonation of Lord Ptarmigan in a revival of *Society*; and on September 24th made an extremely clever study of the unsympathetic part of the mischief-making Baron Verduret, in *Honour*, by Mr. Barrymore, produced at the Court Theatre. As Desmarets, in *Plot and Passion*, at the Haymarket, Mr. Cecil appeared on November 26th, but the part did not seem to suit his style as well as others, although his customary careful study of the *rôle* was still apparent. Nor was the actor seen at his best in the character of John Stratford, in *Odette*, the same conscientiousness being almost too obvious, and taking somewhat from the spontaneity of the representation, while for once Mr. Cecil's instinct was somewhat at fault in dressing, or over-dressing, the part. As the Duke of Debonnaire, in *Time will Tell*, in which Mr. Cecil appeared at Bridgewater House for the benefit of a charity, he was once more seen quite at his best, his jaunty cynicism, languid drawl, and finicking affectation being inimitably humorous; and again as the Hon. Penley

Chivers, the dabbler in high art, and impetunious dangler after the rich old maiden aunt, in *Comrades*, at the Court Theatre, on December 16th, 1882, he was quietly humorous to a degree which made this minor character one of the most entertaining figures in the cast.

Upon the production of Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Rector, a Story of Four Friends*, at the Court Theatre on March 24th, 1883, Mr. Cecil created the part of Connor Hennessy with all his characteristic finish and nicety of detail; and in *The Millionaire*, Mr. G. W. Godfrey's adaptation of Mr. Edmund Yates's novel *Kissing the Rod*, produced at the Court on October 4th, 1883, he was entrusted with the creation of the rôle of Mr. Guyon, the vain and selfish old father of the heroine. Mr. Guyon displayed a slight tendency towards caricature, and his make-up was preposterous, but the details of the part were carefully thought out and cleverly rendered. In the mincing tones and ineffable conceit of the man there was just a suggestion of a somewhat superior specimen of the Mantalini genus; while his utter heartlessness, his meanness, and his ridiculous pretensions to

youth were rendered with consummate skill, and there was just a touch—a very slight one—of Mr. Micawber's light-hearted optimism. The comedian was thoroughly at home in the part, and was clever and amusing from first to last. Mr. Cecil appeared with success in the rôle of Richard Blackburn in Mr. Brander Matthews' comedy, *Margery's Lovers*, produced at the Court Theatre on February 18th, 1884; and as *habitués* of the theatre could not spare such artists as Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Cecil from the programme entirely, during the run of *Dan'l Druce*, in 1884, a most amusing dialogue, *My Milliner's Bill*, written specially by Mr. Godfrey for these two clever comedians, was acted by them with unqualified success, Mr. Cecil's impersonation of Mr. Merridew being quite one of his happiest efforts. Any thing more genuinely humorous than his alternations of mood could not be conceived, and the creation soon became one of the most popular of his many delightful character-studies. In June of the same year Mr. Cecil added one more type of whimsical humour to his *répertoire* in the part of Bodmin Todder, in Robertson's

comedy, *Play*, also produced at the Court Theatre with success ; and when *New Men and Old Acres* was revived at the Court on September 27th, 1884, Mr. Cecil, by his clever and polished method, was enabled to give distinction to the intrinsically insignificant part of Marmaduke Vavasour.

In that exquisite little domestic drama by Mr. Bronson Howard, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, produced at the Court Theatre on November 6th, 1884, Mr. Cecil appeared as Buxton Scott, an amiable family solicitor of the pleasantly paternal type, and by quiet humour and elaboration of detail raised the comparatively unimportant *rôle* into significance. Mr. Cecil had only one real opportunity in the play, in a touching reconciliation scene between the young husband and wife who have drifted apart, but of this he made the most, and his delicate art contributed in no small degree to the perfection of a scene which in itself sufficed to render the play a success.

In *The Opal Ring*, Mr. G. W. Godfrey's adaptation of Octave Feuillet's comedietta, *Péril en la Demeure*, which was placed in the evening

bill at the Court Theatre for the first time in February 1885, Mr. Cecil was entrusted with one of those *rôles* in which he is *facile princeps*, and as Lord Henry Toler, a consummate old *beau*, gave a minutely finished study, perfectly delightful in its humour and microscopic fidelity to nature. The character of Lord Henry Toler was the most effective in the drama, and Mr. Cecil was entirely admirable in the refinement and skill with which he made the creation live. The impersonation was more than clever, and there was no single detail of voice, gesture, or make-up appropriate to the character which had escaped shrewd perception and faithful reproduction by the actor.

As Lord William Whitehead in *The Denhams*, an adaptation of Emile Augier's *Les Fourchambaults*, which was produced at the Court Theatre on February 21st, Mr. Cecil was cast for a comparatively small part, and an unpleasant one to boot; but by his excellent art he contrived to invest the character of an unctuous, mercenary, and sneaking parson with a humour which at least redeemed the *rôle* from insignificance.

When the management of the Court Theatre reversed their policy of producing plays chiefly conspicuous for dulness and decorum by putting upon their stage, in March 1885, Mr. Pinero's extravagantly funny piece, *The Magistrate*, Mr. Cecil found an opportunity of creating an exceptionally humorous character in Mr. Posket, the hero of the title and the play.

As the bewildered, misguided magistrate, cursed with a precocious stepson of nineteen, who, represented by his mother as being only fourteen, kisses the maids, makes love to his music-teacher, initiates his highly-respectable stepfather into the mysteries of a card game known as "Fireworks," invests money on race-horses, keeps a room at the Hôtel des Princes, and conducts himself generally with a *savoir faire* that would more than do credit to his real age, Mr. Cecil was perfect. The dormant doubts which worry Mr. Posket, the growing misgivings, the qualms with which he permits himself to be beguiled into a little supper at the Hôtel des Princes, the appearance next morning at Mulberry Street on the magisterial

bench in a terrible condition of mud and sticking-plaster, the comical climax which comes in the shape of the committal of his own wife for seven days without the option of a fine,—all were simply admirable, the very quintessence of humour. The magistrate's struggles against the evil influence of his precocious step-son were inimitably conveyed, and Mr. Posket's description of being chased by the police was given with immense *verve* and humour. Mr. Cecil has created many noteworthy characters during his career, but Mr. Posket must always rank as one of the most irresistibly funny and completely successful.

In the extremely clever and unconventional comedy *The Schoolmistress*, by Mr. Pinero, produced at the Court Theatre on March 27th, 1886, Mr. Arthur Cecil had a comparatively small part, which he raised into importance by investing it with originality, and bringing out to the last degree the humour and whimsicality of the part. As the Hon. Vere Queckett, the husband of the schoolmistress, Mr. Cecil, by many subtle touches of quiet humour, painted a picture of an impecunious,

sponging aristocrat to the life. The character was far less to the front than Mr. Cecil's impersonation in *The Magistrate*, but with true artistic feeling he did not grudge his effort or his art upon the creation, with the result that Mr. Queckett became a strongly individualised study and a marked success.

On January 27th, 1887, Mr. Cecil created the drily humorous *rôle* of the hypocritical old butler, Blore, in Mr. Pinero's bright and extravagantly comical farce, *Dandy Dick*.

On July 22nd, 1887, the last performance in the old Court Theatre was given in the presence of a crowded and cordial audience, Mr. Cecil appearing in his well-known parts in the first acts of Mr. Pinero's three successful plays, *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and *The Magistrate*. At the end of the performance, which was also the termination of the partnership of Messrs. John Clayton and Arthur Cecil, Mr. Clayton announced, amidst hearty applause, that Mr. Cecil would rejoin the company in the new Court Theatre, which stands now within a few yards of the site of the old building, and in which he has added to his dramatic successes.

When the new Court Theatre was opened on September 24th, 1888, with a new farcical comedy, *Mamma*, adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy from *Les Surprises du Divorce*, Mr. Cecil rejoined the company in accordance with his announced intention, and revived many pleasant memories of his best style by his quietly effective and carefully elaborated rendering of the shrewd, hesitating Mr. Miles Henniker, and received a liberal share of the hearty welcome given to the favourites of the public; and when Mr. Ralph Lumley's clever play, *Aunt Jack*, was produced on July 18th, 1889, *habitués* of the Court were delighted to find that Mr. Cecil was provided with a character, in the person of S. Berkeley Brue, a susceptible, lady-killing barrister, which afforded him ample scope for the exercise of his whimsical humour, and rarely has he been seen to more advantage than in this well-conceived and irresistibly funny *rôle*.

But before this new production Mr. Cecil had, on February 28th, at St. George's Hall, and on March 7th, 1888, at the Haymarket, assisted at two *matinées* as Theodore Bramble,

the amusing hero of Mr. G. W. Godfrey's *The Man that Hesitates*, a version of Mrs. Hugh Bell's *L'Indecis*, which had served to introduce Miss Florence Wood, daughter of Mrs. John Wood, to the dramatic profession; and had created a whimsical Mr. Pickwick on February 7th, 1889, at certain *matinées* at the Comedy, at which Messrs. F. Burnand and Edward Solomon's amusing dramatic cantata, *Pickwick*, was given with much success.

Mr. Pinero's new play, *The Cabinet Minister*, was produced at the Court Theatre, on April 23rd, 1890, with immediate success, and once more Mr. Cecil was provided with an excellent part as Sir Peter Twombley, a statesman who is absolutely under the thumb of his wife; a character and condition from which Mr. Cecil extracted some entirely admirable comedy. On March 14th, 1891, Mrs. John Wood produced a new play, *The Volcano*, by Mr. Ralph Lumley, in which Mr. Cecil successfully created the character of the Duke of Donoway, an eccentric old nobleman who is the owner of a scurrilous society journal which lends its title to the play.



MR. THOMAS THORNE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. BONING & SMALL, 22, BAKER, ST., W.

Kindest please! Sophia!
Faithfully Yours
Thomas Thorne.

THOMAS THORNE.

IN an age of long runs and "records" it is something to be able to boast of being amongst the makers and breakers of those apparently desirable objects, and Mr. Thorne may fairly claim to divide with Mr. David James, his quondam partner and twin comedian, the honour of breaking the record of theatrical "runs" of the period with his representation of Talbot Champneys in *Our Boys*, which helped to fill a page in the history of the London stage by running from its first production at the Vaudeville Theatre, on Saturday, January 16th, 1875, to Friday, April 18th, 1879, a phenomenal record unbroken to this day.

But apart from this "illusion of bigness," Mr. Thorne has made for himself a very distinct reputation as a comedian. He cannot be said

to have founded a school of acting, as his style has always been, and still remains, essentially his own ; but his individuality is very marked, and those who have followed his career with consistent attention know tolerably well what he is likely to make of any projected new creation.

Mr. Thorne is above all else English in his ideas of comedy. A stolid imperturbability, a slight denseness of perception, a nervous, diffident disposition, half-shrinking from contact with strangers, half manifesting that curious *brusquerie* behind which modesty is apt to hide its blushing face—all these essentially John-Bullish traits are indicated by Mr. Thorne with excellent art.

The average middle-class English audience is a little suspicious of genius. It has a nebulous, scarcely admitted, but firmly-rooted idea that brilliancy may be used to dazzle them in some undefined way to their detriment. It is just a little afraid of unconventionality, and harbours a vague distrust of individual ability beyond the common. An intellectual keenness inspires it with much the same nervous dread as would

the handling of edged tools ; and as there is no real enjoyment possible to sober and respectable householders and fathers of families without a concurrent sense of perfect security, they resign themselves with a comfortable sigh of complacency to the soothing influence of such art as that of Mr. Thorne, placidly content with the assurance that if at times there may be a suspicion of gentle dulness in their recreative entertainment it will at least be decorous. With the perversity of human nature, which ever loves to clap the fool's cap on any head but its own, playgoers delight to laugh at the clever impersonations of stupid people, of which Mr. Thorne has given many types to the stage ; and his own sense of humour has enabled the actor to accentuate the characteristics which he knows well enough will be recognised by half his audience as exactly illustrative of the idiosyncrasies of—the other half.

The ordinary playgoer loves a gentle joke of unimpeachable propriety, and finds a pleasant supply at the Vaudeville Theatre, where even the eighteenth-century coarseness of "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," and "The Relapse"

has been deodorised by the Buchananisation of Fielding and Vanbrugh to the point of absolute propriety. Mr. Thorne knows his public *au fond*, and caters for it with most excellent discretion. For himself, and his personal contribution to their pleasure, none know better than he the artistic value of a judicious blend of pathos of the clerico-paternal school and dry, quaint humour such as passed for wit in the good old times, when all things, including brains, moved in more leisurely fashion than they do to-day. He recognises that man is in truth a "pendulum between a smile and a tear," and takes care not to put something wrong with the works by letting too violent an oscillation work upon the feelings of his audience. His artistic method represents the Consols of acting—the interest is never excessive, but the security is undeniable.

Yet there was a time when Mr. Thomas Thorne could ruffle it with the best and liveliest of the comedians of the metropolitan stage; and when he made his initial mark upon the stage of the Surrey Theatre on October 4th, 1862, his versatility was so indisputable that

he played "a number of characters" in a comic production called *Tom's Life*.

Not that this was Mr. Thorne's "first appearance on any stage." That took place at Warrington in 1857 when he was but sixteen years old; and he has good reason to remember it, by reason of the stage fright, which even now has hardly left him upon first performances.

The youthful aspirant had only one line to speak. The play was *Othello*, and the line in question was "'Tis our Iago, ancient to the General!" After careful study, when the night came, the nervous *débutant* stammered out, "'Tis our Iago, ancient to his Majesty!"

After this promising start came four years' provincial experience, and Mr. Thorne's first London appearance was to have been at the Standard Theatre on the night of the Prince Consort's death, in consequence of which the theatre was closed, and the *début* necessarily postponed. So eventually, instead of appearing at the Standard as the Miller in *Giralda*; or, *The Invisible Husband*, Mr. Thorne's first appearance before a London audience was at the Surrey in the following year.

Then followed a spell of admirable acting in burlesque upon the boards of the Strand Theatre, then at its brightest; and during his connection with that company, extending from 1864 until 1870, Mr. Thorne was entrusted with many leading parts in rollicking farce, extravagant burlesque, and solid drama, and proved his worth by speedily winning and retaining the goodwill of the public. As a dancer of break-downs, in feminine guise, he was admirable—head and heels alike ministering to the amusement of his audience.

It was in 1870 that Mr. Thorne, in conjunction with Mr. David James and the late Harry Montague, entered upon what was to prove the most important and epoch-making enterprise of his career—the management of the Vaudeville Theatre, where for twenty years past he has loyally given playgoers of his best, and they have as loyally supported him.

Opening the new house with Andrew Halliday's *For Love or Money*, and a burlesque, *Don Carlos; or, The Infante in Arms*, he made a good impression at once in his dual capacity. On June 4th he gained new honours as an actor

by his careful and affecting impersonation of poor blind Caleb Deecie in Albery's *Two Roses*, and in the following year clinched his success by displaying admirable and unforced humour in the part of the Great Baggs in Albery's comedy, *Apple Blossoms*. In the two following years Mr. Thorne showed peculiar aptitude for the humours of old comedy character in the entirely excellent revivals of *The School for Scandal* and *The Road to Ruin*, in the former of which he impersonated Crabtree in able fashion during the long run of four hundred and twelve nights which the revival enjoyed; and on April 1st, 1874, Mr. Thorne created the part of Barnabas Smith in Albery's comedy, *Pride*.

All these impersonations and varied experiences led to the creation, on January 16th, 1875, of the part of Talbot Champneys, the good-natured, rather simple-minded, but loyal and manly son of Sir Talbot Champneys, and one of *Our Boys*. Mr. Thorne's quiet, deliberate method suited the character of the rather slow-witted youth to perfection, and while leaving, perhaps, something to be desired

in the detail of suggesting the *savoir faire* of the son of a man accustomed to good society and pluming himself upon his patrician origin and attributes, there was so much humanity in Mr. Thorne's impersonation, and, when the moment came, so thoroughly manly a spirit, that it proved very acceptable, and was of considerable value in starting upon the high road to success a play destined to enjoy a quite unprecedented run upon its first production, and to be revived again and again in after years, affording wholesome amusement, and winning honest sympathy from a second generation of playgoers.

Mr. Thorne's naturally keen sense of humour was amusingly evident when he was once taking a holiday in the neighbourhood of Falmouth with Mr. Henry A. Jones. The actor and author chanced upon a country fair, and in a holiday humour indulged in some "shies" at a head which, if skilfully hit, yielded a cigar in return for the sportsman's penny. The quality can be imagined!

Mr. Jones won some five or six, and Mr. Thorne half as many again. Then came the

question what to do with them. To smoke them was impossible, but knowing the strength of the rustic stomach for gratuitous luxuries, Mr. Jones gave his to the smallest smoker he could find in the fair, while Mr. Thorne presented his to a comely lass at a shooting gallery, who accepted them gratefully with the remark, "They'll do for father"—an aged person who divided with her the responsibility of the Wimbledon on wheels.

On the next day the two friends were driving past the gallery, and noticed that the girl was on guard alone. With one of his quaint smiles Mr. Thorne turned to his companion and remarked drily, "Ah, they've done for father!"

Mr. Thorne's predilection for the stage runs in the blood. He comes of a theatrical family, and his interesting, old-fashioned house in St. John's Wood Road, where, upon high days at the adjacent "Lord's," the comedian pays the penalty of propinquity to the popular cricket-ground by dispensing pleasant hospitality to his many friends, is full of valuable pictures of stage celebrities of nearly two hundred years,

including quite a Liston gallery, showing the great comedian as Paul Pry, Billy Lackaday, Moll Flagon, Sam Swipes, Simon Pengander, Lubin Log, and Van Dunder, illustrating in marked fashion the quiet drollery of the famous player of whom Elia said there is "one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston."

In the pretty dining-room, softly lighted in an artistic way by windows in which Shakespearean figures fill the quaint old leaded panes, the portrait of Edward Knight, the comedian, whose odd rapidity of gesture made him so interesting a study in his day, by John Prescott Knight, R.A., hangs hard by that of John Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., and a peculiarly interesting "David Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in *Venice Preserved*," by Zoffany, bought at Mrs. Garrick's sale in 1823. Here, too, is Zoffany's painting of Foote, whose wonderful mimicry made him many enemies, and nearly brought him into collision with Garrick, whose Shakespearean celebration at Drury Lane he intended to caricature, but was dis-

suaded from doing so, or Garrick's grandiose couplet,—

“A nation's taste depends on you ;
Perhaps a nation's virtues, too,”

would have been capped by a mimic flapping of the arms like wings, and the ejaculation, “Cock-a-doodle-doo !”

Other interesting pictures in Mr. Thorne's collection are John Partridge's portrait of Samuel Rogers ; Opie's beautiful portrait of Sarah Siddons ; Thomas Phillips's “Charles Kemble as Tamerlane ;” Zoffany's “King as Lord Ogleby,” and “Macklin as Sir Gilbert Wrough ;” “Miss Foote as Roxana ;” John Hoppner's “Mrs. Jordan ;” “Madame Vestris,” by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and “Nell Gwynne as Diana,” by Maria Verelst.

Even in the hall the “professional” keynote is struck, for on every side hang portraits and caricatures of all sorts of well-known actors. Pelligrini's caricature of Salvini, and Alfred Bryan's quaint and clever sketch of the one-thousandth night of *Our Boys* ; characteristic portraits of Buckstone, Toole, Mr. Irving as

Louis XI., Mr. David James as Perkyn Middlewick, Charles Mathews, Belmore, Henry Neville, the late E. L. Blanchard, Sheridan, after Sir Joshua's portrait, land the visitor at once in an artistic atmosphere, which pervades the whole place, and gives it a charm of its own ; and in the actor's "snuggery," jostled by lawn-tennis bats, alpenstocks—for Mr. Thorne is a famous tourist—MS. plays, and personal waifs and strays, are such interesting souvenirs as the playbill of the opening night of the Vaudeville Theatre on April 16th, 1871, when, among other clever actors, Mr. Irving appeared in the *rôle* of Alfred Skimmington ; an engraving of the farewell benefit of Grimaldi, representing the famous clown singing "All the World's in Paris," and a set of volumes of Lavater's Physiognomy, from which Mr. Thorne is not ashamed to admit he has taken many valuable hints upon the all-important subject of "making-up."

In this pretty, old-world home, with his daughter and his dogs, his pictures, tennis, and comrades, the comedian spends his leisure time, and in an unaffected, cordial way wins regard

from his friends, who like nothing better than a chat with a man who can tell a good story off the stage with all the quiet humour by which he has won favour as an actor.

On Saturday, April 19th, 1879, *Our Boys* was succeeded by a companion comedy by Mr. Albery called *Our Girls*, with Mr. Thorne in a prominent part as Tony Judson; but the new piece failed to create the sensation of its abnormally successful prototype, and on September 24th gave place to a revival of *Two Roses*, with Mr. Thorne in his original rôle of Caleb Deecie.

The year 1880 was not a very satisfactory one at the Vaudeville. The enormous success of *Our Boys* was not to be repeated or approached yet awhile. On January 29th Mr. Thorne appeared as Albany Thorpe in Mr. Burnand's comedy, *Ourselves*; in the following month he revived *The School for Scandal*, resuming his old part of Crabtree; and on March 27th a new play, *Cobwebs*, by Mr. Wills, was put upon the boards, but without success. April 10th saw Mr. Thorne as Mr. Henry Dove in a revival of *Married Life*, which

proved more popular; but on May 29th this was succeeded by a new comedy by Mr. Albery, called *Jacks and Jills*, in which Mr. Thorne appeared as Pawle, doing the best he could with a poor and incredible part. But again the tide of success refused to float the Vaudeville on the sea of popularity, and the first night was the occasion of a remarkable scene, which arose from certain demonstrations of disapproval upon the part of some of the audience, which Mr. Albery ventured to attribute to organised opposition in preference to frankly accepting the adverse verdict.

At last the tide turned, and on June 28th, 1880, success once more gladdened the actor-manager of the Vaudeville, induced by Mr. E. G. Lankester's new farcical comedy, *The Guv'nor*, which amused the public mightily, and was cordially accepted by them in condonation of various dull and uninteresting productions. As Freddy Butterscotch, the stammering son of a retired sweetstuff maker, Mr. Thorne was really clever. His nervous bewilderment and hesitating speech were admirably assumed, and the barrister son of the rough old tradesman

became in his hands an extremely amusing personage. Mr. Thorne is invariably at his best in the portrayal of comic nervousness and the agonies of a bashful man, and in this new creation he won fresh favour, and contributed heavily to the success of the play.

On January 29th, 1881, Mr. Robert Reece's adaptation of *Le Papa de l'Avocat* was produced at the Vaudeville under the name of *Divorce*, Mr. Thorne creating the part of Samuel Buckham, a retired manufacturer; but despite the very Parisian name of the theatre, the adaptation of the French farce did not seem at home upon a stage identified so largely with a class of wholesome English humour, which, if it lacked Gallic wit, was also free from its more objectionable features; and on March 10th Mr. Thorne appeared as Tom Pinch in Messrs. Joseph Dilley and Lewis Clifton's comedy of that name, investing the character with admirable humour and pathos, conceived in the true spirit of Dickens, and carried out with artistic completeness.

Both humour and pathos were again discernible in Mr. Thorne's creation of John Hope

in Mr. Sims's comedy *The Half-way House*, produced on October 1st, in which character the player realised the humorous as well as the tender phase of the character of a rich florist, with a daughter to whom he is devoted, but who, in his stern sense of right, he feels constrained to turn from home.

On November 28th Mr. Thorne appeared as Peter Popcorn in a little one-act vaudeville by "Delacour Daubigny," called *That Girl He left Behind Him*; and during 1882 he appeared successfully as Graves in *Money*, his solemn dance with Lady Franklin being extremely comical; Mark Meddle, in *London Assurance*, an excellent performance, full of quiet humour, and admirably free from the extravagance and vulgarity sometimes associated with the part; and Bob Acres, a bit of legitimate comedy in Mr. Thorne's best style, rich in quiet humour, indicated rather than expressed in a thoroughly artistic fashion.

It is always just an atom risky to bring religion and religious opinions prominently upon the stage; but in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's admirable play *Saints and Sinners*, produced



MR. T. THORNE AS JACOB FLETCHER IN "SAINTS
AND SINNERS."

at the Vaudeville on September 25th, 1884, although the principal characters were closely identified with Nonconformity, there was nothing at which even a pastor of "Little Bethel" could reasonably cavil, and it afforded Mr. Thorne an opportunity of creating an excellent stage-figure in the old minister, Jacob Fletcher. Dissent *per se* was not held up to ridicule, but canting hypocrisy was well whipped; while the pastor himself, a simple-minded, God-fearing, lovable old man, proved not only a delightful study, but an incarnate homily free from homiletic prosiness. In *Saints and Sinners* two contrasting aspects of religion were presented: that in which it figures as the ennobling and beautifying element of life, and that in which it is used as a cloak for utter worldliness of the meanest type; and this atmosphere environed a central *motif* as old as humanity itself—woman's weakness, suffering, and restoration, a subject of inexhaustible interest, infinite as love, and anguish, and pity.

Mr. Thorne was seen to considerable advantage as the child-like, tender-hearted, devoted old minister. His pathos, which might so easily

have erred upon the side of feeble sentimentality, and grown prosy and tiresome, was never overdone, and in some of the scenes he displayed a quiet dignity which was in excellent contrast to his gentler moods. The pale, worn face, the trembling hands, the broken voice of the old man torn between conflicting emotions and divided duty as regards his ministry and his erring daughter, were full of pathos, and Jacob Fletcher remains a clearly defined memory of one of Mr. Thorne's most acceptable impersonations.

Belonging to the same broadly humorous school of production as *Nita's First and Confusion*, Mr. J. P. Hurst's farcical comedy, *Loose Tiles*, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on January 28th, 1885, at a trial *matinée*, was an instant success, and provided Mr. Thorne with a part which gave him a host of opportunities for displaying the peculiar humour in which he is seen at his best. As the nervous, bashful Bob Twitters, who, by mistaking the perfectly sane residents in a highly-respectable boarding-house for the inmates of a private lunatic asylum, and "humouring" them to their

utmost bewilderment, Mr. Thorne was quite at home, and his jerky gestures and artistic rendering of the mental distress of a bashful man were full of significance, and proved highly entertaining. The incessant and uniformly unsuccessful attempts of the unhappy Twitters to escape from the house, his stammering admission that he is a hair-dresser, in order to humour one of the lady-boarders, and his subsequent terror at finding himself involved in the awful responsibility of doing the lady's hair in the latest fashion, were excellently acted, and Mr. Thorne scored heavily in a part which might easily have degenerated into caricature.

Theatrical audiences will submit to a good deal, but there is one thing which they invariably resent—being bored. They will chuckle over doubtful *doubles entendres*; roar with delight at pantomimic rough-and-tumble horse-play; shudder at material or moral earthquakes; and weep maudlin tears over the wrongs of pale and interesting heroines in black cloaks with peculiarly becoming hoods. But they will not tolerate four acts of tame dialogue, tedious platitudinising, commonplace incident, and forced

humour, even though relieved at lengthy intervals by really clever repartee. Hence Dr. Westland Marston's play, *Under Fire*, produced at the Vaudeville on April 1st, 1885, failed to win popularity. The hero, Guy Morton, a bluff, outspoken, sheepish young squire, was carefully played by Mr. Thorne in the style which has become identified with his representation of this class of character; but the *rôle* was not a very notable one at best, and gave the actor very few opportunities of making anything of it.

As Jack Alabaster, in Byron's clever farcical comedy, *Open House*, produced, virtually for the first time, at the Vaudeville on April 15th, 1885, Mr. Thorne was deliciously droll in the dry, unconscious way which suits both himself and the Byronic school of humour so well, and, bristling at all points with good things as the part was, the actor did not permit one of them to pass unappreciated to the uttermost. Jack Alabaster was a really humorous creation, and fitted Mr. Thorne to a nicety, contributing largely to the success of a play in which the fun was so bright and airy, the repartee so

ready, keen, and witty, the word-playing so ingenious and audacious, that it was painful to remember that the bright and happy piece of work was written at a time when the author was worn and weary with an illness which was to prove fatal only too soon, and rob the stage of a writer whom it could ill spare.

On January 13th, 1886, Mr. Thorne appeared as the Hon. Danby Cleeve in Mr. Joseph Derrick's farcical comedy *Pebeians*, but the



MR. T. THORNE, AS JACK ALABASTER IN
"OPEN HOUSE."

part was not well within the actor's range, and he was not seen to advantage in it.

Then came an impersonation of Montague Doo in *Doo, Brown, & Co.*, by Mr. C. M. Rae, produced at the Vaudeville on March 11th; and on April 12th Mr. Thorne made one more notable success in his first venture into dramatic versions of Fielding, a bold experiment destined to prove exceptionally popular.

An adaptation of Fielding might at the first blush have seemed almost as risky as that bogey of Mrs. Grundy "an adaptation from the French." The harum-scarum vagaries of Tom Jones, and the eccentricities—to put it charitably—of dashing Lady Bellaston, might well have been deemed doubtful dramatic *pabulum* for Mr. Gilbert's "young lady of fifteen" and Mr. Podsnap's "young person;" and it was not without some doubt of the result that playgoers anticipated the production of Mr. Robert Buchanan's discreetly Bowdlerised adaptation of the famous story, under the title of *Sophia*, at the Vaudeville Theatre, on April 12th, 1886.

But success followed the production, because the play was based upon passions perennially existent, independently of dates and adventitious

circumstances. So long as sleek hypocrites worm their way by moral fraud into the good graces of benevolent but wooden-headed patrons; so long as hearty, manly folly, free from vice, brings misfortune, but with misfortune sympathy, to headstrong lads such as Englishmen love; so long as beauty in distress has power to win tears, and faithful service admiration,—so long will such plays as *Sophia* strike a chord of sympathy in the hearts of playgoers.

And the play was notable for providing Mr. Thomas Thorne with a part which was peculiarly well suited to his dry, sententious style of humour; and as Partridge, the faithful and classics-quoting barber, he gave the public a clever creation, the humour and the pathos being modulated with careful art, and the whole impersonation conspicuously human and convincingly true. Mr. Thorne's unctuousness of tone in this rôle was very effective, and his quiet by-play, unobtrusive pathos, and faithfully rendered *minutiæ* of "business" from first to last were excellent examples of careful acting, and combined to make Partridge immensely

popular and a memorable figure in a notable play.

In July of this year Mr. Thorne gave a highly finished study of the crafty, timorous usurer, Silky, in a revival of *The Road to Ruin*, every tone and gesture adding its quota to the building up of a thoroughly artistic representation of the part, full of realism and faithful reproduction of human nature of its own unpleasant kind

In Mr. Henry A. Jones's domestic drama *Heart of Hearts*, produced at the Vaudeville on November 3rd, 1887, at a *matinée*, and put into the evening bill a week later, Mr. Thorne had an excellent part as James Robins, a self-respecting, stubborn, good-hearted old butler, with a pretty niece whom he loves with all his strength, and who is suspected and accused of stealing a bracelet, set with a superb ruby, which gives the play its title. The possibilities of alternate comedy and tenderness of such a part, involving a double duty and a dual struggle of sentiment, were quickly recognised by Mr. Thorne; but although there were moments when James Robins, secretly married

to one of his mistresses, humorous as he was, seemed an impossible person, he certainly got an immense amount of fun out of the equivocal situations in which he was placed, while his fiery defence of his wrongly-accused niece was full of manly indignation. James Robins suited Mr. Thorne's method and style to perfection, and his quiet, quaint vein of humour and blunt exhibitions of John-Bullish honesty, have rarely had a fairer field for their development. The actor obviously felt this, and amongst all his creations James Robins stands out as quite one of the most amusing.

On January 19th, 1888, Mr. Thorne appeared with some success as the Rev. Mr. Colley, a mild curate, in *Fascination*, a comedy by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriet Jay; and on March 8th, after a *matinée* trial trip on the previous day, he produced with immediate and unqualified success Mr. Buchanan's version of Fielding's novel, “Joseph Andrews,” under the title of *Joseph's Sweetheart*, himself creating the rôle of Parson Adams, his adequate realisation of which was a foregone conclusion.

There is something in the very spirit of the

age in which Parson Adams moved which seems sympathetic to Mr. Thorne's acting method. He had already, in old comedy revivals, proved his power of taking part in the class of play which paints "Life *à la mode* a hundred years ago;" and the sturdy, simple piety of the honest parson, his pleasant little humanising touch of vanity, his gentle manliness, his perfect charity, his rugged honesty of purpose and childlike faith, were represented with just the unaffected, unapparent art which alone could make the figure live in the artificial atmosphere behind the footlights. Fielding's lovable creation, the true

"Parson Adams, type of honest worth,
Born of the pure embrace of Love and Mirth,
Smiled in the English sunshine, proving clear
That one true heart is worth a world's veneer!"

Mr Thorne was peculiarly successful in conveying this feeling of the honesty and trustworthiness of the single-minded old parson, with his sturdy, bull-dog faith in the stout oak cudgel which he carried with him into such strange company, and the beautiful peaceful-



MR. THOMAS THORNE AS "PARSON ADAMS."

ness of his simple home-life far away from the bewildering haunts of men ; and his impersonation of the part was not only an artistic piece of work, but a notable addition to the lovable, honest, thoroughly English type of character so justly beloved of the British public.

In 1889 Mr. Thorne produced, on January 17th, after his usual *matinée* trial trip three days before, Mr. Robert Buchanan's fantastic comedy *Dr. Cupid*, in which he created the title *rôle*, and invested it with some humour, although it was by no means of the class in which he is seen at his best. On May 9th he appeared as Mr. Alfred Gadabout in a comedy called *Angelina*, adapted by Mr. W. Cooper from M. Bisson's *Une Mission Delicate*, produced at a Vaudeville *matinée* ; and on June 19th he created the part of Mr. Septimus Porter in Mr. Buchanan's comedy-drama, *The Old Home*.

On February 6th, 1890, Mr. Thorne produced with immediate success Mr. Buchanan's dramatised version of "Clarissa Harlowe," under the title of *Clarissa*, himself sustaining the difficult *rôle* of the reformed rake, Belford.

The play proved extremely popular, and even those who were not familiar with Richardson's classic story of woman's credulity and man's vice found in the drama a thoroughly interesting study of human nature ; while those who knew the book gladly recognised the fact that Mr. Buchanan had preserved a good deal of the Richardsonian *bouquet* in dialogue and situation. As Belford Mr. Thorne had a part that was not conspicuously adapted to his style of acting ; but by throwing more than his customary vigour and earnestness of purpose into his impersonation he rendered it an acceptable figure in a distinctly successful production.

Mr. Thorne appeared to the apparent satisfaction of his audiences as Lord Foppington in *Miss Tomboy*, an adaptation by Mr. Buchanan, after Sheridan, of Vanbrugh's old comedy, *The Relapse*, produced on March 20th. The character is one not suited to Mr. Thorne's method, and although he acted it with his customary carefulness and conscientious regard for details, it could not be ranked amongst his most successful impersonations.

Subsequently Mr. Thorne revived *She Stoops*

to Conquer, impersonating Tony Lumpkin with all his old gusto; and after a long provincial tour he re-opened the Vaudeville, after the theatre had undergone much constructional alteration and improvement, on January 13th, 1891, with *Woodbarrow Farm*, a bright, breezy comedy by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in which Mr. Thorne was admirably suited with the part of one Piffin, a most amusingly bumptious butler, who coaches his young master in the social conventions.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. WINTLOW & GROVE, 63A, BAKER STREET, W.

William Brown

"
There are few people we find
it so hard to forgive as those
we have injured
"Ravenwood""

WILLIAM TERRISS.

THE short spell of seafaring life which Mr. Terriss went through in the Royal Navy when a lad seems to have set its mark upon him, and has probably had its share in bringing about the extreme popularity which he has so long enjoyed. English people dearly love a sailor. There is something in the very name that conjures up an ideally brave and honest fellow. Tradition may now and then be falsified by facts, and the conventional conceptions of the British tar prove somewhat of a fallacy, but the instinctive notion of these sons of the sea is of sturdy, brusque, manly fellows, and with a quite remarkable unanimity the prevailing sentiment in every class is that "they all love Jack."

Whether or no this is recognised even by those who feel it most, the fact remains that any savour of the sea appeals at once to the sympathies of the British public, and both on and off the stage there is a frank, sturdy, impulsive *bonhomie* about Mr. Terriss which is essentially sailor-like and pleasant.

If there is such a thing as a national sentiment with our stolid people, it is indisputably and inseparably associated with the sea, and Mr. Terriss, of all players of the period, is the most satisfying and obvious embodiment of this sentiment. As he bounds upon the stage in one of his bright and breezy naval characters he reminds one of the hero of the quaint old ballad, popular early in the century—

“Young William looked so manly, drest all in his sailor’s clothes,
His cheeks they were like roses, his eyes as black as sloes;”

and it is not difficult to picture his tender-hearted admirers, if he were to go touring in the Antipodes, for example, joining in the melancholy chorus—

“But he is gone afar,
And my heart lies in the bosom of my jolly roving tar.”

An excellent actor, hardworking, conscientious, “thorough” in everything he undertakes, and artistic alike in his conception and rendition of a character, Mr. Terriss has well won the prominent position in the dramatic world which he occupies, and his popularity is both well-deserved and intelligible. During the twenty years or so which he has spent upon the stage he has appeared in a sufficient variety of *rôles* to please playgoers of every taste, while through them all there has been perceptible the same strong dominant note of manly pluck and romantic chivalry which satisfy at once the heart and imagination of an English audience.

From that notable day in 1868, when, as Mr. Bancroft tells, the youthful aspirant to the stage called upon Mrs. Bancroft and himself so persistently in their house in St. John’s Wood, and announced with characteristic frankness, as he pointed to the window of an opposite house, “That’s the room I was born in,” and added that he wanted to go upon the stage and was “resolved that they should give him an engagement,” Mr. Terriss has laboured loyally and indefatigably at his profession, with one or two

brief experimental spells of other work in the early years of his career, with a result only attainable by "the genius which is another name for hard work."

After some two years' experience in Birmingham, and with the Bancroft company at the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Terriss joined the Drury Lane company, appearing in Andrew Halliday's drama *Rebecca*, and as Malcolm Graeme in *The Lady of the Lake*. Then came a migration to the Strand Theatre, where for two hundred and fifty representations he enacted the important rôle of Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem* with grace and refinement, returning to Drury Lane subsequently, well established in public favour, appearing there as Sir Kenneth in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Romeo to Miss Wallis's Juliet, and Captain Molyneux in *The Shaughraun*, by Boucicault, retaining his place in the cast upon the removal of that play to the Adelphi.

Then followed a number of artistic and successful appearances at the Adelphi and Princess's Theatres, and the creation of the character of Julian Peveril in Mr. W. G. Wills's

drama *England* at Drury Lane ; and on March 30th, 1878, he created the part of Squire Thornhill upon the production of Mr. Wills's *Olivia*, and confirmed the high opinion which playgoers had already begun to form of his talent.

One of the most pronounced successes of this period of Mr. Terriss's career was the impersonation of the villain, Sidney Sefton, in Byron's comedy *Conscience Money*, produced at the Haymarket on September 16th, 1878, in which he showed an individuality of style that was quickly recognised by the critics ; and on October 3rd, in the same year, he made a further favourable impression as Captain Absolute in *The Rivals*. When James Albery's comedy *The Crisis* was produced at the Haymarket on December 2nd he impersonated Fawley Denham ; on April 4th, 1879, he created the rôle of Walter North in Mr. Wills's drama *Ellen*, and on June 12th he displayed a genuine spirit of comedy as Hugh Merryman in Mr. Wills's *Brag*.

Upon his migration to the St. James's Theatre Mr. Terriss appeared on October 4th, 1879

as Count de la Roque in Mr. Val Prinsep's comedietta, *M. le Duc*, as well as taking up the rôle of Jack Gambier in *The Queen's Shilling*, proving very acceptable in both parts, and in the former especially bearing himself with a courtly grace that was full of charm, and added in no inconsiderable degree to the picturesque of the production.

After the long run of *The Queen's Shilling*, Tom Taylor's comedy *Still Waters Run Deep* was revived in excellent fashion at the St. James's on March 13th, 1880, Mr. Terriss making a very bright and agreeable Captain Hawksley; and on September 18th he was associated with Mr. Irving in the revival of *The Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum, sustaining the part of M. de Château Renaud with marked success.

Upon the production of *The Cup* at the Lyceum, on January 3rd, 1881, Mr. Terriss created the part of Sinnatus, and made all that could be made out of a rather sketchy character, which only flits in a shadowy fashion through a few scenes; and, after appearing successfully as Flutter in a revival of *The Belle's Stratagem*

on April 16th, in May, with Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, he gave a representation of Cassio, which was thoroughly original and artistic, and worthy of the Moor of the one great actor and the Iago of the other. Mr. Terriss gave playgoers a Cassio which was virtually a new creation. Instead of accentuating the more commonplace side of the character, exaggerating the drunkenness, and blotting all dignity out of the part, Mr. Terriss represented Cassio as an officer not unworthy of the confidence and friendship of the Moor; and his gallant bearing, picturesque appearance, and thoroughly artistic conception of the character made it not the least notable impersonation even in a remarkable and distinguished cast.

When Albery's *Two Roses* was revived at the Lyceum on Boxing Day 1881, Mr. Terriss took H. J. Montague's old part, Jack Wyatt, and made a fine, manly, sympathetic figure of the young lover, acting with great naturalness and charm.

Mr. Terriss's Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, revived on March 8th, 1882, was notable and convincing, and his Don Pedro, in the Lyceum

revival of *Much Ado About Nothing*, on October 11th, 1882, was thoroughly Shakespearean and well thought out.

When Miss Mary Anderson re-opened the Lyceum on the night of Saturday, September 6th, 1884, with *Pygmalion and Galatea*, Mr. Terriss was the new Pygmalion, and proved all that the most *exigéant* playgoer could demand. A handsome, graceful personality, the new Pygmalion was instinct with refinement, and not lacking in strength. Mr. Terriss's by-play was excellent, and in the more pathetic scenes he was tender and sympathetic. When it is said that he proved an acceptable and worthy companion picture to that of Miss Anderson's Galatea his impersonation cannot be more highly praised.

Upon the same occasion Mr. Terriss appeared as d'Aulnay in *Comedy and Tragedy*, Mr. Gilbert's charming little play, and acted with art and passion, impetuous and dignified in his scene with the *roué* Duc d'Orléans, and tender and loving with Clarice—a notable and picturesque impersonation.

When, on November 1st, 1884, he appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Mary Anderson

he was unanimously voted not only one of the most satisfactory, but one of the most daring and original modern exponents of the part. His love-making was passionate, his despair realistic, and the impersonation from beginning to end both interesting and masterly. It was somewhat unequal, and perhaps a little too self-conscious, but none the less there were great moments in it. Mr. Terriss made an ideally handsome, manly, and gallant lover, but the illusion would have been more complete had he indulged less in posing picturesquely, although perhaps this was a pardonable weakness in so personable a representative of the part. Still, it occasionally compelled the reflection that it would have been a more perfect piece of art had there been a little less Terriss and a little more Romeo in it. Even in his most passion-torn moments the actor rarely quite forgot that he was behind the footlights. It was only in the fury of his anger, as when he slew Tybalt, that he succeeded entirely in effacing himself, and Romeo became great. But the impersonation, judged as a whole, was peculiarly pleasing—refined, graceful, sometimes powerful,

and altogether one of the best Romeos of the period. Mr. Terriss looked superb in his handsome costumes, and was always gallant and manly ; but it was in the later scenes that he gave the audience a glimpse of his highest qualities as an actor. The onslaughts upon Tybalt and upon Paris were brilliant, and positively terrific in their fury, and the intense despair of Romeo's soliloquy in the tomb of Juliet was rendered with most excellent art.

Upon the night of Mr. Irving's farewell, July 28th, 1883, Mr. Terriss appeared again as Flutter, and also as Richard Houseman in *Eugene Aram*. In the elaborate revival of *Twelfth Night*, at the Lyceum, on July 8th, 1884, Mr. Terriss had little to do in his impersonation of the Duke Orsino but strut about in magnificent clothes and look dignified. This he did to perfection, and further proved himself fairly equal to the graver demands upon his ability which now and again occurred.

When Miss Mary Anderson revived *The Hunchback* at the Lyceum Theatre on February 24th, 1885, for the purpose of appearing as

Julia in that clever but rather antiquated play, Mr. Terriss enacted the part of Sir Thomas Clifford with success. The readiness with which Sir Thomas Clifford takes his ladylove's flightiness *au grand sérieux* is always one of the weak points of the play, and is at the bottom of the secret why it is so lacking in power over the hearts of an audience, who do not care to waste emotion upon a tempest in a teacup; and in the interview with Julia, after Sir Thomas Clifford has lost his title and estates, and become the secretary of her affianced husband, the Earl of Rochdale, Mr. Terriss displayed a curious immobility. Occasionally he was excellent, showing grace and pathos, but, as a whole, Sir Thomas Clifford did not rank amongst his best impersonations.

As Armand in *Camille*, produced at a *matinée* at the Prince's Theatre on April 21st, 1885, Mr. Terriss was manly, earnest, thorough, and gave his audience a piece of acting up to his usual excellent standard. He was a little rough at times, showing a quite unnecessary *brusquerie* to the bearer of the letter, and

the man's equally discourteous tone elicited an irrepressible laugh. But, on the whole, the impersonation was creditable, and something more.

A handsome sailor lad, buffeting bravely against the storms of Fate, and at last triumphantly tossed into the arms of Love and Beauty by the very waves which he has breasted, is not only a sight to gladden all who love to see pluck and constancy rewarded, but is also the surer and straightest road to the heart of a British audience. There yet lingers deep down in the national nature so much sympathy with the storm and stress of a seafarer's life, and such an honest admiration of the frank and jovial qualities of the British tar, that it was small wonder that Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's breezy play, *The Harbour Lights*, produced at the Adelphi Theatre on December 26th, 1885, was a complete success. It was a wholesome piece of work, teaching a sound lesson of courage, honour, constancy, hope, faith, and all that makes true men and women, calling into activity generous sympathies and humane instincts which in the

stern business of life may have lapsed into a torpor.

As the hero, David Kingsley, Mr. Terriss had a part entirely after his own heart. He did not act, he *was* the handsome, frank sailor, whose joyous laugh, bright eyes, and sturdy, ringing voice brought life and hope into the darkest hour. The fine presence, boyishly handsome face, and free, fearless gestures of the actor, suited the part to perfection; and now and then, as in the pretty apostrophe to the bright eyes of his sweet heart—the “Harbour Lights” that had shone steadily for him in storm and darkness—and in a fanciful little speech to the ring which was to make them man and wife, his excellent elocution was invaluable. Mr. Terriss has rarely acted better than he did in this play, and few of his creations have left so pleasant and bright a memory as David Kingsley, the ideal British sailor.

The romantic and manly style of the robust and earnest actor having won so much favour that he was now dubbed by the arch-coiner of amusing *sobriquets* “Adelphi Terriss,” it

was not surprising to find that when Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy's new melodrama, *The Bells of Haslemere*, was produced at the popular theatre in the Strand on July 28th, 1887, the authors had fitted Mr. Terriss with a most sympathetic and important part in Frank Beresford, a handsome, honest lad, rich and happy when the curtain goes up, but soon to be tracked down by the melodramatic Fate which condemns all Adelphi heroes to several acts of dire disaster, perpetual peril, heroic adventure, and miserable misunderstanding, until the auspicious moment comes ere the final fall of the curtain, and Vice is defeated and Virtue triumphant in the good old ridiculous but wholesome way. As the hero, Mr. Terriss had the heaviest share of the dramatic burden upon his broad shoulders, but he sustained the responsibility bravely, acting as occasion required with tenderness, fire, despair, and vigorous energy, and securing an unqualified and honestly earned recognition of his excellent talent.

Mr. Terriss has seldom looked more dashing or acted better than as Jack Medway, in

Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy's Adelphi drama, produced on July 19th, 1888, and called *The Union Jack*. Dashing and handsome as ever, Mr. Terriss carried the play along with grace and ease, and justified his reputation as a genuine artist by appearing at his best in the scene in which he has to listen to the confession of his sister Ruth, who, during his absence, has lent a too willing ear to the temptations of a certain Captain Morton, the villain of the piece. As Jack Medway Mr. Terriss exhibited a restraint and tenderness as well as a vigour and dash which proved him a thorough actor, equipped in the all-important point of versatility, and made the hero of *The Union Jack* one more worthy addition to his ever-growing *répertoire*.

On April 20th, 1889, Mr. Terriss repeated his admirable personation of David Kingsley in *The Harbour Lights*, and in June reassumed his original character of Captain Molyneux in a revival of *The Shaughraun*.

When Mr. Irving produced *Ravenswood* at the Lyceum Mr. Terriss rejoined his old

company, and created the *rôle* of Hayston of Bucklaw with unqualified success. Moderating his method to the atmosphere of the Lyceum stage, he made his new creation a thoroughly artistic piece of work, wearing his picturesque dress as to the manner born, speaking his audacious, devil-may-care lines with refinement as well as spirit, and indicating the roystering, careless nature of the man he represented with admirable lucidity and discretion. A gallant, handsome figure, and a most intelligent and spirited actor, he made his Hayston of Bucklaw one of the most striking figures in a romantic and very beautiful production. Never for a moment out of harmony with the poetic feeling which was the keynote of the whole play, Mr. Terriss not only added a notable character to his *répertoire* in his representation of Bucklaw, but was recognised as having contributed an important, valuable, and thoroughly artistic creation to a remarkable play. In the careless grace, the quick, petulant temper, the fiery haste for revenge, the occasional touches of something worthier in the man's ill-governed spirit, Mr. Terriss was equally good, and the

impersonation proved as intensely human and naturalistic as it was romantic and picturesque.



MR. TERRISS AS DAVID KINGSLEY IN "THE HARBOUR LIGHTS."

When the curtain falls nightly upon the final act of a play, and the mimic world behind the footlights is exchanged for the real one in which

the kings and courtiers, the heroes and villains of the stage alike share the joys and sorrows of the prosaic, workaday world, Mr. Terriss drives away in the cool, refreshing air to his pretty house in the Avenue, Bedford Park, where the happiest hours of his life are spent, for the popular actor is the most domesticated of men, and likes nothing better than his simple, wholesome life with his wife and clever daughter, Miss Ellaline Terriss, who has already made some name upon the stage.

The home life of the hero of so many melodramas is a model of comfort and good taste. Ferns and flowers, music and art, pleasant society, long rides upon the back of his faithful mare Bessie, lawn tennis and quoits, much smoking and more reading, go to make up the daily round from year's end to year's end, and pictures, books, curios in every corner of the house, evidence the artistic feeling of its tenant.

In the hall, lighted softly with coloured glass, is a portrait of Mr. Terriss as Squire Thornhill, the character in which he got his first great chance; and an extremely interesting Hamlet, bearing the inscription, "To dear Terriss, in

kind remembrance of old times. Sincerely yours, HENRY IRVING." In the pretty drawing-room, too, are other things of peculiar interest—the medal awarded to Mr. Terriss a few years ago by the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a sailor boy at Deal, and a loving-cup, the gift of "Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and other friends at the Lyceum."

Mr. Terriss is not fond of society, save that which centres in his own house, and welcomes his pleasant and quiet life in Bedford Park after the artificial surroundings of the stage, the more so, perhaps, that his earlier years were full of stir and vicissitude. The son of a barrister, and nephew of Grote the historian, he was educated at the Bluecoat School, Windermere College, and Bruce Castle, Tottenham. Coming into some few thousands at the age of seventeen, the youthful William Lewin rapidly got rid of them, and then followed a year in China, a term of tea-planting in India, a spell of civil engineering at home, and then the stage, at a salary of eighteen shillings a week. Marrying at twenty-one, he some time afterwards tried sheep-farming in the

Falklands, and horse-breeding in Kentucky ; eventually, however, returning to the stage, and following his profession assiduously, with the result known to all the world. He may be said to have given the contemporary stage its ideal sailor, as Smollett, according to Mr. Hannay, invented the sailor in literature, although, as a matter of fact, there was a low-comedy character, one Ben, in Congreve's *Love for Love*. But it was left to Mr. Terriss to give us the British sailor of to-day, as opposed to Mr. Andrew Lang's typical British seamen, who

"Freely bless
Their limbs, their timbers, and their eyes ;"

and of the two species the modern is unquestionably the more agreeable, whether on or off the stage.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, 20, UPPER BAKER STREET.

Yours. Faithfully
Geo. Popkin

you have no idea what a poor
opinion I have of myself —
and how little I deserve it “
Ruddigore

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

WITH much humour and more modesty Mr. Grossmith has written himself down “A Society Clown.” Perhaps it would be more courteous, and certainly quite as correct, to call him a pocket comedian. There is a great deal more of the comedian than the clown about him, for antics and grimacing, although not wholly absent from his method, are only very humble handmaids in attendance upon the genuine comedy in which his whimsical humour is for the most part bodied forth. It was no mere clowning that gave us that satire in action, Bunthorne, the wizen, passion-consumed, fleshly poet of *Patience*, the wildly comical John Wellington Wells in *The Sorcerer*; the droll Lord High Chancellor in *Iolanthe*; the pompous Sir

Joseph Porter, K.C.B., of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and the other whimsical creations which will always be associated as closely with his name as with those of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

That physical peculiarity is a distinct advantage to a whimsical comedian is proved by the success of more than one player who has practically made his reputation by virtue of a lack of inches in height or a redundancy of them in girth, and when to this initial and natural advantage is added a bright wit and a fertile fancy, which enable their owner to exploit himself and his author to the utmost productive possibility, success is within easy reach. Given a huge hill of flesh, and a slow, unctuous method of gesture and voice ; or, it may be, a thin, wiry little frame, sharp voice, and perky little gestures and movements as of a wire-strung figure, and within a certain range of parts every look and motion of a limb is provocative of laughter, independently of the author, or even of any dramatic talent, save that required to make intelligent use of the peculiarities with which nature has dowered the performer.

It cannot, however, be said of Mr. Grossmith that he has traded unduly upon his natural advantages, or allowed them to induce a laxity in the cultivation of his art, for he is an accomplished musician and a mimic of the shrewdest observation, seizing instinctively upon personal peculiarities of physique and manner, and reproducing them with just the artistic amount of exaggeration which in another form of art makes caricature so much more effective than photographic fidelity, no matter how clever it may be. Composer, comedian, parodist, pantomimist, and writer of capital verse, Mr. Grossmith is not only volatility, but versatility itself, and his enormous success proves how welcome, in the grey material and social atmosphere of England, is the man who can bring brightness and humour into our lives, and how glad people are to make haste to laugh, even though, with Figaro, they might add, lest they have cause to weep.

Some of Mr. Grossmith's songs have been peculiarly funny in their way, especially his parodies of the fashionable love song, such as "Thou of my Thou," and his curious "I am

Tired of the Moon, my Love and Myself," with its odd idea,—

" Oh, I've sung the moon in the key of C,
I've sung the moon in D,
I've sung the moon in the sharp of E,
As well as the flat of D,"

and so on.

With all the whimsical lines which long years of faithful allegiance to the comic muse have written upon Mr. Grossmith's physiognomy, and the irrepressible twinkle in his eyes, there is a certain severity of demeanour about him which lends a special savour to his comicality, as the poignant olive to the soft and insinuating port. There is just the element of surprise in the wit which breaks from the quaint, lined face, like a flash of sunlight through a canopy of branches, which is one of the legitimate, almost indispensable, factors of humour, and the value of contrast and the unexpected is added to the humour of the author and the actor.

The sharp, staccato style of Mr. Grossmith carries with it a certain touch of the imperative. One always feels a little as if one were back in the old pedagogic days, and were constrained

to laugh under penalty of an "imposition," and yet it is a very pleasant compulsion. There is an almost judicial air about Mr. Grossmith at times—an unconscious reminiscence, perhaps, of his old Bow Street days—which makes an audience feel a little like so many members of the junior Bar, whose appreciation of judicial humour is always phenomenally keen, but with this difference, that in the case of Mr. Grossmith the wit is worth a laugh.

That Mr. Grossmith was a humourist from his childhood is evident enough from his very entertaining book of reminiscences; and even when he was a reporter for the *Times* at Bow Street he was laying up a rich store of mental notes, "human documents," to be used in due course with the happiest effect when the police-court should have been superseded by the stage.

Twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Grossmith first set himself to the serious work of amusing the public professionally as an entertainer who, for the most part, played and sang a musical *mélange* of his own composition, his first engagement being in conjunction with

Professor Pepper of "Ghost" renown at the old Polytechnic, on November 11th, 1870, the sketch, which lasted about forty minutes, being called *Human Oddities*, and the first of a number written and composed by the performer himself. It is interesting to know in this connection that Mr. Grossmith is very erratic in his composition of these sketches, the incidental song, "He was a Careful Man," being written during a journey to Deal, and the music composed upon the backs of envelopes during the return journey; while "The Muddle Puddle Porter" was suggested to him while waiting for an hour at Bishopstoke, and hearing an old porter call out the same list of stations over and over again, the whimsical notion occurring to Mr. Grossmith whether, supposing the man were to change his vocation for that of a waiter, he would from sheer force of habit mix up the names of the stations with the names of the dishes.

Mr. Grossmith's engagement at the Polytechnic came to an end in the summer of 1871, and was followed by a brief tour in the provinces with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul; and then

came a return to the Polytechnic, Mr. Grossmith still continuing his work at Bow Street in the day-time; and later a tour with his father, after his marriage on May 14th, 1873.

A variety of entertainments in conjunction with his father and with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, and in 1876 and 1877 with the authoress, Miss Florence Marryat, led up to Mr. Grossmith's memorable engagement at the Opéra Comique for his first appearance in the first of the notable series of Gilbert-Sullivan comic operas, *The Sorcerer*, produced on November 17th, 1877, in which he made an immediate success as the eccentric retailer of "penny curses," John Wellington Wells, a whimsical and extravagantly comical performance, and thoroughly in keeping in every detail with the topsy-turvy Gilbertian school of humour. The success of the new style of comic opera, rich in *bizarre* humour, and melodious, scholarly, and "churchy" music—not a matter for surprise, when it is remembered that Sir Arthur Sullivan was saturated with church music from childhood—was so marked that Mr. Grossmith had the satisfaction of bodying forth the peculiarities

of John Wellington Wells for two hundred performances.

Then came, on May 25th, 1878, his entirely admirable impersonation of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in the delightful and popular *H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass that loved a Sailor*, in which Mr. Grossmith displayed a distinct originality of method that stamped him as a comedian of the best type, capable of making his points without apparent effort, and full of a dry humour which was all the more effective from its cleverly simulated unconsciousness. Sir Joseph Porter was a masterly piece of dramatic caricature, full of human nature as well as humour, and the success of the opera was phenomenal, the piece running for something like seven hundred consecutive nights. During the run of *Pinafore* Mr. Grossmith used to give musical sketches after the opera at the Saturday *matinées*, as well as appearing in private houses, and at Belford's benefit, on December 10th, 1879, as Mr. Winkle in *Bardell v. Pickwick*.

It was not until April 3rd, 1880, that Mr. Grossmith had an opportunity of creating

another Gilbertian character ; but when upon that date the new opera, *The Pirates of Penzance*, was produced at the Opéra Comique he impersonated Major General Stanley with a finished and racy humour which made it the military complement of his excellent study of Sir Joseph Porter.

On April 23rd, 1881, Mr. Grossmith created a character which has ever since been accepted as a type of a certain class of æsthetic and intense poets, as ridiculous as they deemed themselves sublime. All the now nearly forgotten follies of æstheticism were caricatured by the comedian in the character of Reginald Bunthorne, in *Patience*, with a breadth and vigour of treatment which made the impersonation one of the drollest of the contemporary stage. His burlesque "confession," in his character of "an æsthetic sham," and his lyrical recipe for the production of an æsthete, were bits of pure comedy as quaint, whimsical, and original as the most *blasé* playgoer could have desired. The figure of the "intense" young man, fired with a supposed yearning for stained-glass attitudes and transcendental platitudes, was remarkably

quaint, and lingers in the memory with cameo-like clearness.

Scarcely less successful in their way were his subsequent creations of the Lord High Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, produced at the Savoy Theatre in November, 1882, and of King Gama, in *Princess Ida*, on January 5th, 1884, which was followed by a revival of *The Sorcerer* on October 11th, Mr. Grossmith resuming his original part.

As Koko, Lord High Executioner of Titipu, in that brilliant example of the Gilbert-Sullivan series, *The Mikado*, produced at the Savoy on March 14th, 1885, Mr. Grossmith had a particularly good part, and gave every line of the immensely funny libretto its full value. His droll enunciation of the cynical bits of humour which the author put into the mouth of Koko, and his arguments with Pooh-Bah, being irresistible in their dry drollery. In this rôle Mr. Grossmith introduced a particularly effective "flop," which he perpetrated at the most unexpected moments with startling effect.

On January 22nd, 1887, Mr. Grossmith created the character of Robin Oakapple in



MR. GROSSMITH AS REGINALD BUNTHORNE IN "PATIENCE."

Ruddigore, in which he was as droll as ever, showing, too, in the big scene of the piece, in which the family portraits come to life, a comicality as thorough as it was unforced.

The final *rôle* created by Mr. Grossmith during his long engagement at the Savoy was that of Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, produced on October 3rd, 1888, after revivals of *The Pirates of Penzance* on March 17th and *The Mikado* on June 7th; and in its way it was a more remarkable performance than its predecessors, for in it the comedian came out in something of a new light, showing a pathos as well as a quaint humour, and illustrating, in the person of the unfortunate jester, that the cap and bells may jangle to a very melancholy tune, and the fool's motley may hide a heart full of misery. The alternations of mood necessitated by this latest creation were excellently rendered by Mr. Grossmith, and the impersonation was a worthy climax of a long series of clever creations. He played it for the last time upon August 17th, 1889, to an enthusiastic audience, who manifested by cordial applause their regret at the severance of his connection

with the Savoy after nearly twelve years of Gilbert-Sullivan opera, and their good wishes for his future career.

Since that memorable, and, so far as London playgoers are concerned, regrettable day, Mr. Grossmith has had an enormous success as a single-handed entertainer, coining money and winning immense favour wherever he has appeared, and his success has been well earned.

Both on and off the stage Mr. Grossmith is very popular, and although his nomadic career interferes in some degree with the exercise of his hospitable instincts, there is still to him and to his many friends an unfailing charm about his pretty London home, where pictures, books, and music lend an artistic atmosphere to the whole place which is thoroughly characteristic and pleasant.

Among Mr. Grossmith's curios, works of art, and personal *souvenirs*, is the handkerchief, discoloured with age, which the great originator of the "one-man" entertainment system, John Parry, was in the habit of holding in mincing fashion in his sketch, *Mrs. Roseleaf's Little Evening Party*; a photograph, signed, of the

late Duke of Albany, given to Mr. Grossmith by his Royal Highness during a visit at Claremont in 1883; and some excellent landscapes by John O'Connor, and two, in particular, of Lincoln Castle. But the piano is the *genius loci* in Mr. Grossmith's home. A perfect master of the instrument, he makes it talk, laugh, sing, do everything that is human but sneer; and the greatest pleasure which he gives his friends is a *mélange* of songs, sketches, imitations of other professional men,—actors, musicians, and entertainers,—in which their peculiarities are reproduced with just sufficient exaggeration and caricature to be amusing without being uncharitable.

It would not, however, be possible for Mr. Grossmith to say or do anything calculated to wound the feelings of other people, for he is one of the kindest-hearted of men, and even when, as he admits, he has subsidised friends and acquaintances for certain oddities of manner or style which have afforded him material for caricature, he has taken care to manipulate his subject so carefully that not only have his subjects keenly enjoyed his whimsical

impersonations, but have laughed as heartily as any one at them, and promptly and instinctively recognised in the Grossmith gallery of eccentricities everybody but themselves.

On November 14th, 1890, Mr. Grossmith had the honour of appearing before the Queen at Balmoral Castle, and was personally received, and graciously thanked by Her Majesty at the conclusion of his entertainment.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. BONING & SMALL, 22, BAKER STREET, W.

HENRY G. NEVILLE.

A STERLING actor of the robust and romantic school, with handsome, clear-cut features, a gallant bearing, and a strong musical voice, Mr. Henry Neville is one of the very pleasantest of all the stage heroes of the period. Even when he is clad in the commonplace frock-coat and gleaming tall hat of to-day there is something about this popular actor irresistibly suggestive of the chivalrous seventeenth century ; the *chef's d'œuvres* of Poole and Lincoln & Bennett seem to resolve themselves into bright-hued mantle and cavalier head-gear, gay with sweeping plumes, and the actor stands confessed a delightful anachronism.

Alert and *débonnaire*, manly and dashing, Mr. Neville, despite his thirty years of stage life, remains a splendid type of manhood in its prime of vigour of mind and body. He obviously possesses some *elixir vitæ* which

enables him to set Time at defiance, and his abundant vitality seems to call out an answering animation in his audience, and to establish a sympathy between them which doubles their enjoyment of a play—a most valuable quality, distinctly personal, innate, and impossible of acquisition by even the severest study. He is one of the few living actors who to a mastery of the technique of his art unites the influence of a sympathetic style, which has enabled him to win and retain all through his career a popularity which must have not only made his many successes doubly pleasant, but must have made the hard work inseparable from so active a career something like a labour of love.

Like all strong, manly men, Mr. Neville possesses an admirable vein of tenderness, which makes his dramatic love-making peculiarly effective; and when either pathos or righteous indignation are demanded, there is the true note, the genuine ring in each of them, which puts an actor and his audience *en rapport* at once, and enables them to accept his art as sympathetically as if it were actuality. Long experience in almost every class of character and play has

given him an intimate knowledge of his work, and has taught him how to utilise his natural and acquired gifts and such opportunities as are afforded him by the author to the fullest extent; and he is essentially one of those reliable actors who are seen to advantage in a strong play but become absolutely invaluable in a weak one. His very walk inspires confidence, and when his well-knit figure and frank face are *en évidence* they seem to give a pleasant sense of security, without which there is no perfect enjoyment.

Mr. Neville's histrionic talent is hereditary, his father being the late well-known actor-manager, John Neville, and the son had the advantage of a training by that able actor, eventually making his first appearance in London, at the age of three-and-twenty, on October 8th, 1860, at the Lyceum Theatre, then under the *régime* of Madame Celeste. On November 12th Mr. Neville appeared as Victor Savignie in *Adrienne; or, The Secret of a Life*. Then came some provincial experience, and in 1861 he became a member of Messrs. Emden and Robson's company at the Olympic, where he

remained until 1866, playing leading parts ; and it was during this engagement that in May 1863 he created his famous part of Bob Brierly in Tom Taylor's ever-popular drama, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, adapted from MM. Edouard Brisbarre and Eugène Nus' piece, *Léonard*. The thoroughly English and sympathetic character of the Lancashire lad who had so terrible a struggle to live down the errors of his youth has ever gone straight to the heart of the British public ; and Mr. Neville brought out the pathos of the part as well as its manly courage with rare skill, and the unaffected naturalism of his acting raised Bob Brierly from the level of a mere stage puppet to that of a big-hearted, suffering, striving man, whose sorrows were very real, and whose honest remorse and endeavour to blot out the blunders of the past compelled a sympathy not always given to equally deserving cases in the sober world outside the theatre walls. The convincing earnestness which was the keynote of Mr. Neville's rendering of this striking and sympathetic character has ever since been one of the actor's most conspicuous and most

valuable qualities, and has never failed to make even comparatively weak parts at least respectable ; while in effective characters and situations it has given the fullest value to the author's work.

During this engagement Mr. Neville did plenty of excellent work, among his other successes being Henry Dunbar in Tom Taylor's adaptation of Miss Braddon's skilfully constructed novel, and Jean Valjean in *The Yellow Passport*, his own version of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

From the Olympic Mr. Neville migrated to the Adelphi, where he gained still more approval for his admirably made-up and thoughtfully played miner, Job Armroyd in *Lost in London* ; a vigorous Dick Dashall in Morton's *The Way to Get Married*, and as an equally clever Farmer Allan, in Charles Reade's version of the Laureate's idyllic poem, *Dora* ; as well as appearing in the same dramatist's powerful play, *Put Yourself in His Place*, in which piece Mr. Neville gave ample proof, not merely of an intelligent conception of his part, but of a conscientious care and

study which resulted in a highly-finished and convincing impersonation of a hard-working, hard-headed Sheffield workman.

At the termination of this engagement Mr. Neville appeared at various other London theatres with success, and in 1873 he returned to the Olympic in the capacity of lessee as well as actor, and remained there until August 1879, doing much excellent work both as actor and manager, producing the following pieces, and playing in most of them: during the season of 1873-4 Byron's *Sour Grapes*; Robert Reece's *Richelieu Redressed*; James Mortimer's *School for Intrigue*; and Tom Taylor's *Lady Clancarty*, in which Mr. Neville's fine frank style made Lord Clancarty, the big-hearted, impulsive Irish peer, a thoroughly fascinating figure; in 1874-5 John Oxenford's *Two Orphans*, in which Mr. Neville's Pierre was a remarkably able performance; James Albery's *The Spendthrift*, and a revival of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*; 1875-6, Mr. W. G. Wills's *Buckingham*; Mr. Joseph Hatton's *Clytie*; Musker's *The Gascon*, and Mr. B. L. Farjeon's *Home, Sweet Home*; 1876-7, *No Thoroughfare*, by Wilkie

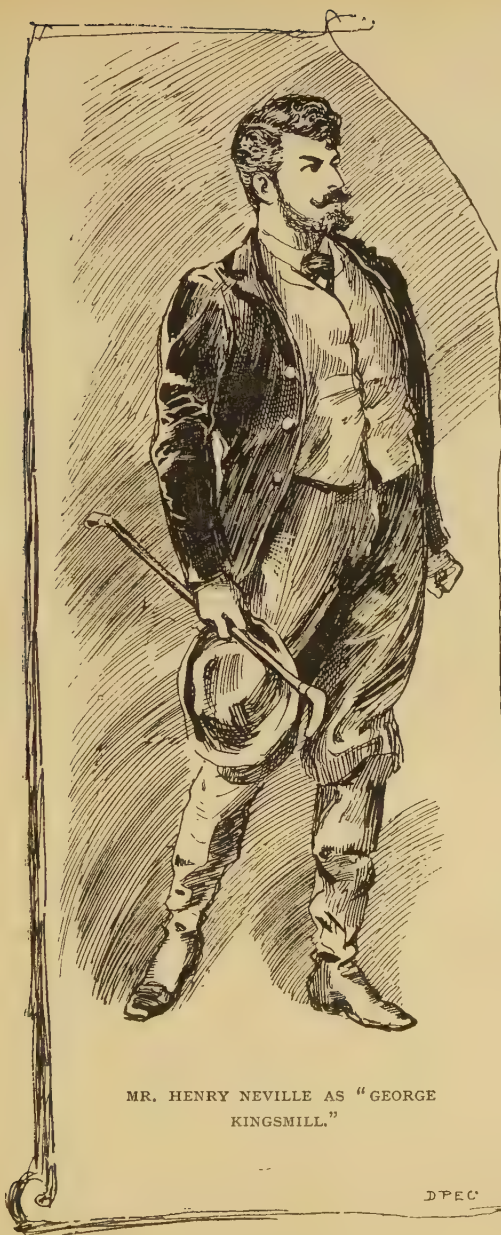
Collins and Charles Dickens, Mr. Neville undertaking the rôle of George Vendale; *Si Slocum*, by Messrs. F. Trayne and Tayleur; Robert Buchanan's *Queen of Connaught*; *The Wife's Secret*; Charles Reade's *Scuttled Ship*; *The Violin Maker of Cremona*, by François Coppée and Mr. Morell, and *Lady Audley's Secret*; 1877-8, Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*; *Henry Dunbar*; Mr. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide*, and Charles Reade's *Jealousy*; and in 1878-9 a successful revival of *The Two Orphans*. In August 1878 Mr. Neville appeared as Pierre Lorance in *Proof*, at the Adelphi, and in the summer of 1879 he retired from the management of the Olympic, and went to the Adelphi, appearing as Master Walter in *The Hunchback*; Charles Surface—a fine dashing performance—and his original creation, Bob Brierly, in a revival of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*.

Other effective impersonations during this Adelphi engagement were the Earl of Leicester in *Amy Robsart*; Perrinet Leclerc in *The Crimson Cross*; Jack Weatherby in Boucicault's *Rescued*, a strong study of a working-man, and a racy, humorous John

Browdie in *Nicholas Nickleby*; and in 1880 a careful, manly rendering of the thankless part of St. Cyr in Mr. W. G. Wills's *Ninon*; a bold and clever Captain Molyneux in Boucicault's drama, *The Shaughraun*; Mike in the same author's *The O'Dowd*, and a capital Connor O'Kennedy in *The Green Bushes*.

April 1881 found Mr. Neville at the Princess's Theatre, playing the parts of Roland Lacroix, a young Lancer, and hero of an unsympathetic romance, and Monsieur Ferron in Mr. Richard Lee's *Branded*; and on September 24th he made a most favourable impression as Achille de Mortemar, whom he made a captivating, spirited fellow despite his moral delinquences, in Mr. Maurice Barrymore's *Honour*, at the Court Theatre, where he also appeared on November 7th as Sandy McElrath in Dion Boucicault's *Mimi*.

On February 4th, 1882, Mr. Neville appeared in his admirable impersonation of Charles Surface at the Vaudeville Theatre; and among other notable appearances of this period may be mentioned a winning and



MR. HENRY NEVILLE AS "GEORGE
KINGSMILL."

DPEC

pleasant impersonation of Lord Clancarty at a *matinée* at the Brighton Theatre in April 1883. As George Kingsmill in Mr. H. A. Jones's drama, *Saints and Sinners*, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on September 25th, 1884. Mr. Neville made a great success, proving all that was manly, tender, ardent, very gentle and protecting with the girl he loved, very vigorous in his contempt for the villain for whom she sacrificed her happiness. The strength and winning gentleness which Mr. Neville knows so well how to combine were commendably conspicuous in this impersonation. From first to last George Kingsmill was a sympathy-compelling figure, and of great value to the play, in which the appeal to the emotions was so excellently direct and forcible. It is in these intensely human parts that Mr. Neville is seen at his best; and his stalwart, great-hearted, honest young miller remains a notable and very pleasant memory of a particularly effective play.

In Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's strong and interesting Drury Lane drama *Human Nature*, produced on September 12th, 1885, Mr. Neville

was furnished with a sympathetic, bright, and manly *rôle* in Captain Temple, a man full of excellent instincts, with a not wholly blameless past, but admirable resolutions for the future, and a wholesome joy in his wife and bright little son. There was very little rant and no cant in the play. Action and diction alike were manly and healthy. Brave alike as a man and a soldier, Captain Temple was at no loss to command the sympathy of the audience from the first; and, as he passed through the trying vicissitudes which must inevitably befall the hero of popular melodrama, he was a picturesque and pleasant figure, strong and able physically and mentally, and bearing the principal burden of the play with ease and grace upon his sturdy shoulders. Whenever opportunity occurred Mr. Neville exhibited various phases of passionate feeling with vigour and completeness, and the impersonation was both a popular and an artistic success.

The year 1887 was a busy one with Mr. Neville. On September 12th he appeared as Graham Macdonald in Mr. Robert Buchanan's play *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, at the Novelty

Theatre, with all his wonted dash and vigour, making the hero a most picturesque and fascinating figure. On October 6th he made all that could be made of the thankless part of Lord Islay in the same author's drama *Fascination*, produced at a *matinée* at the Novelty; on November 5th he appeared as Sir Rupert in Mr. C. Marsham Rae's *The Witch*, at the St. James's Theatre, when the play was revived, having been originally produced at the Princess's Theatre on April 26th; on the 19th of the same month, at the same theatre, he impersonated Colonna in a revival of Richard Taylor Shiel's *Evadne*, in his most robust fashion; and on December 29th, at a Criterion *matinée*, his acting in Dr. Harry Lobb's adaptation of Miss Braddon's powerful novel "Wyllard's Weird" was of the utmost value to the play, and a remarkably fine piece of work.

January 28th, 1888, found Mr. Neville back at the Olympic, playing with all his old gusto and effect the part of Bob Brierly, which he had created a quarter of a century before, and in which all his best qualities as an actor were still conspicuously present; and on February 8th

he appeared as Henry Lomax in Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Richard Lee's adaptation of Mrs. Praed's novel, *The Bonds of Wedlock*, produced at the Opéra Comique. In this difficult and not very pleasing rôle Mr. Neville displayed much force, and the tenderness of Henry Lomax towards his little girl, and his manly, dogged belief in his wife's fidelity, redeemed in a measure the selfishness of the man. Mr. Neville's acting was excellent, and made a complex nature lucid by its force and variety.

On June 2nd, 1888, Mr. Neville played Triplet to Mrs. Bernard Beere's Peg Woffington in a revival of *Masks and Faces* at the Opéra Comique; and although there was no conspicuous originality in his rendering of the part, neither was there any noticeable weakness, the text being excellently spoken, and the "business" helpful and significant. Four days later Mr. Neville appeared as Count Heidegger in Mr. C. J. Ribton Turner's *Handsome is that Handsome does*, produced at the Vaudeville, in which for art's sake the actor for once permitted himself an uncomely make-up, acting with

admirable skill, and making the impersonation a clever and interesting piece of work ; and on September 8th he again took up the time-honoured rôle of Bob Brierly in what "Punch" once called *The Ticket of Never Leave Off Man*. On October 11th, at the same theatre, Mr. Neville reappeared in his pathetic part of the cripple Pierre in a revival of *The Two Orphans* ; and on November 16th he migrated to the Princess's Theatre, creating with equal virility and tenderness the entirely sympathetic rôle of Jack Dudley, a fine young Englishman, who is arrested for murder, condemned to be guillotined, escapes, and passes through a sequence of thrilling adventures, in Mr. Henry Pettitt's sensational drama *Hands Across the Sea*.

On September 23rd, 1889, Mr. Neville created the rôle of Charles II. in Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris's historical drama, *The Royal Oak*, and the gallant bearing and handsome person of the actor fitted the part to perfection. The *débonnaire* frankness of the Merry Monarch, his easy condescension with his subjects, especially when they were young and pretty, his moments of semi-pathos

and graver reflection, and his courtly grace and natural dignity, even though the latter was not always very apparent, made the figure a pleasant one—if, indeed, a little conventional. Mr. Neville perhaps rather over-emphasised the roystering side of the light-hearted king, but his conception of the part was at least consistent; and if it did not chime with that of those who would fain forget the less dignified and less kingly side of that much-discussed monarch, it was true to nature if, as some would say, not to history. Mr. Neville's Charles II. was at all events a bright, good-natured, careless, picturesque figure, whose faults were half condoned by his manner of committing them; and if his king was rather that of the dramatist than of the historian, it was none the less a good stage figure, and the life and soul of a not too exciting play. His "business" in the famous oak of Boscobel,

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim;
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn,"

was amusing and smart, and his whole reading

of the part rather a light-comedy one; but for all that he was a popular and picturesque personage, and kept the audience in good humour from end to end of the play.

Subsequently to this engagement Mr. Neville accepted a lucrative offer to "star" in the United States, where his success was immediate and unqualified.

Off the stage Mr. Neville retains much of the cheery *bonhomie* which is one of his attractions on it, and he is as popular with all who know him in his private capacity as he is with the playgoers who have given him their goodwill and admiration for some thirty years.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, BAKER STREET, W.

*'Tell them there are no rats to let -
not even a "Hall" for the donkey"
Yours always
Lionel Brough*

LIONEL BROUGH.

IF Lord Chamberlain Polonius were a playgoer of the period, and some contemporary Hamlet were to ask him for a definition of Mr. Lionel Brough, he might well be excused if he were to launch out into long-winded categorical description, and write down the popular comedian as being equally excellent in as many phases of his art as the famous First Player and his company: "Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral," scene individable, or poem unlimited.

Mr. Brough has indeed "played many parts" during the four-and-thirty years of his stage-life, and his industry and talent have made him quite a metropolitan institution. His broad, frank, histrionic method, especially as a low-comedian, has the advantage of saving his

audience an immense amount of trouble. His creations are stamped with a very unmistakable birthmark. There is no subtlety about Mr. Brough. His make-up, his stage entry, his "business," before a single word is spoken, say to the audience as plainly as so many words, "It's my business to make you laugh, and if you don't laugh it shall not be my fault."

There are two drawbacks to such a laughter-compelling reputation—a comedian like Mr. Brough, with an excellent talent for pathos when occasion serves, finds it difficult to get himself taken seriously. If he should by chance find himself cast for a part which has its moments of earnestness or tenderness, he is in grave danger of having his pathos entirely misunderstood—even resented. He is expected to make people laugh, and they feel defrauded if he attempts to touch their hearts; and yet, like all genuine comedians, he fully recognises the truth that the springs of tears and laughter lie quite closely enough together in human nature to be within the range of one actor who knows his work. Another drawback is that there is the ever-present temptation to obtain a laugh at

any cost, which will almost inevitably lead an actor to indulge in an occasional extravagance, which, if it does not positively overpass "the limits of becoming mirth," is not always consistent with artistic feeling.

Although Mr. Brough has figured in many legitimate comedy parts where the text has been rich in genuine humour, it must be remembered that on many occasions he has had to make bricks with a minimum of straw, and has had irresistible temptation to "gag" and to exaggerate any grotesque or fantastic "business" justified in the faintest degree by the text itself. When the public insist upon being amused by a particular actor he must inevitably feel the responsibility keenly, sometimes almost intolerably; and it is not difficult to picture him driven to despair by the paucity of material provided for him by a dramatic author, and plunging wildly into the most exuberant and ebullient antics, which, while they make the groundlings laugh, are calculated to make the judicious grieve.

Even in the most frothy and *fin de siècle* comic opera Mr. Brough seems to belong to the good old school of acting, and in that is much.

of his value and, to students of the stage, his attraction, as there is always something pleasant in the contemplation of links between the present and the past. There is a fine, full-flavoured, thoroughly John Bullish, downright honesty of purpose about Mr. Brough's method that it is impossible to quarrel with, and even if his self-satisfaction is sometimes an atom too obvious, it is so frankly expressed that it disarms instead of challenges criticism ; while the playgoing public know that he has done such yeoman service in his time that they invariably welcome him with all the cordiality of personal regard. To win and retain for so many years so full a measure of popularity is proof positive of merit, and, although it is not always easy to accept all Mr. Brough's methods, it is indisputable that he is a genuine comedian, who has earned his popularity by honest effort and natural talent of a high order.

In the case of an actor like Mr. Brough it is out of the question to treat in detail of the hundreds of characters which he has created or impersonated during his thirty-six years of professional life. The very variety of his as-

sumptions may be accepted *en bloc* as evidence of his ability, and it is only necessary to refer in detail to his more notable and characteristic creations.

Mr. Brough, who was born at Pontypool on March 10th, 1836, came of a dramatic family. His father, Mr. Barnabas Brough, wrote a number of successful plays under the *nom de plume* of Barnard de Burgh, and his brothers, William and Robert, were wits and *littérateurs* of no mean calibre. Yet, as quite a young man, Lionel Brough seemed more inclined to emulate his brother John C. Brough, Secretary of the London Institution, and began his working life in the office of "Mr. Things-not-generally-known" Timbs, the then editor of the *Illustrated London News*, migrating afterwards to the *Daily Telegraph*, of which paper he was assistant-publisher in its early days, and in connection with which he organised a body of two hundred and forty boys to sell the paper in the streets, thus originating what has proved a large source of revenue to many journals, which might otherwise have remained obscure and unsuccessful, and, like a

newspaper *Frankenstein*, creating a monster which now often confronts him in the street to his inconvenience.

The "first appearance upon any stage" was made by Mr. Brough in excellent company upon the Lyceum boards, when that theatre was under the management of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews, in an extravaganza called *Prince Pretty Pet*, by William Brough, and a farce called *My Fellow Clerk*.

At this early period of his life, in December 1854, Mr. Brough had two strings to his bow, retaining his situation at the *Illustrated London News* office during the day, dashing across to the Lyceum for rehearsal at lunchtime, thereby drawing a very modest salary at both places, and earning the good-humoured *sobriquet* of "My Lord Double Fee" from his comrades in the theatre.

Upon the death of Madame Vestris in 1856 Mr. Brough left the stage awhile, but returned to the Lyceum in 1858, adopting the *nom de théâtre* of "Lionel Porter," but proving himself anything but a "Muddle Puddle Porter" in Robert Brough's burlesque, *The Siege of Troy*,

and in the manager, Edmund Falconer's, *Francesca*. But again Mr. Brough retired from the stage, and returned to his first love, taking an engagement on the staff of the new daily paper, the *Morning Star*, and remaining with it for five years.

Then came a spell of single-handed entertaining in London, the principal item in his programme being a piece called *Cinderella*, written for him *con amore* by his brothers, H. J. Byron, Leicester Buckingham, Frank Talfourd, Andrew Halliday, and others; and after this he gave various entertainments at the old Polytechnic for a year, and travelled the provinces with the once-celebrated *Pepper's Ghost* exhibitions.

With other members of the Savage Club Mr. Brough had the honour of acting before the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family, in aid of the "Lancashire Famine Relief Fund," and in 1864 he became a member of Mr. Alexander Henderson's company at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, where he remained more than three years, playing leading parts, and winning much popularity.

During the early days of this engagement Mr. Brough's salary was not very large, yet it sufficed to keep body and soul together, but left little margin for clothes or little luxuries. As it happened, too, Mr. Henderson made rather a close friend of the young comedian, and frequently took him out with him into society, to dinner-parties, and other festivities, necessitating what seemed to Lionel Brough a wanton and reckless extravagance in gloves. At last he made up his mind to break the matter delicately to his manager. "If I'm to go out like this, Mr. Henderson, you really must raise my salary," protested the young comedian, mildly.

"All right, my boy, remind me next week," answered Henderson, readily.

"I *did* remind him," says Mr. Brough, "and he *did* raise it—*from pounds to guineas!*"

It was when Mr. Brough was playing in after years at Liverpool that he, for the only time in his life, played a part without "make-up," for reasons not unconnected with his British love of sport. He had made one of a merry party upon a coach for the Chester Cup, and, trusting to a good-natured friend's

assurance that he would get him back to the theatre in good time, he backed the favourite with a light heart. But by-and-bye the awful responsibility of keeping the stage waiting pressed upon him with dire urgency, and when they reached Birkenhead there was a delay with the boat over the Mersey. Fuming and fretting, at last Mr. Brough reached the theatre, where he was playing John Chodd, Jun., in *Society*, only to learn that two overtures had been played, that his understudy was just preparing to go on and read the part, when to everyone's relief Mr. Brough arrived breathless and perspiring in time to rush on the stage just as he had come from Chester, without, figuratively or literally, shaking the dust from his feet in testimony against the dilatory ferry-boat.

Engagements at the Amphitheatre and the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, paved the way for Mr. Brough's return to London, where he played the part of Dard in *The Double Marriage*, upon the opening of the new Queen's Theatre in October 1867; and it was at the Queen's that he afterwards made his

first great success in London as Ben Garner in *Dearer than Life* on January 8th, 1868, displaying a whimsicality and genuine humour in his enactment of the drunken old reprobate which enabled him to divide the honours of the evening with Mr. Toole, and compelled the critics to recognise in him a young actor of strong individuality of method, and a welcome recruit to the not too numerous army of comedians with the courage of their convictions. Then, as ever, Mr. Brough did not hesitate to "let himself go" when opportunity served, with the result that he was at once credited with a reputation for thoroughness which he has never since lost.

Among other pieces in which Mr. Brough took part during his engagement at the Queen's Theatre was Mr. Boucicault's adaptation of "The Cricket on the Hearth," called *Dot*, and during his waits he was in the habit of playing cribbage with his *confrère*, the late John Clayton. Upon one occasion they were so engrossed in their game that the call-boy had to call them twice before they heard them, when, still full of the game, Mr. Brough snatched the property baby

from Tilly Slowboy, and dashed on to the stage ejaculating, "Fifteen two!"

From this time Mr. Brough's successes came thick and fast, among them being his impersonations in *The Lancashire Lass*, *Not Guilty*, Gilbert's burlesque *La Vivandière*, Robert Reece's burlesque *The Stranger*, and Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Foul Play*; and after some provincial touring in the same company as Mr. Irving he entered upon an engagement at the St. James's, where he played Tony Lumpkin and Paul Pry with conspicuous ability and success, as well as creating with the extravagant, rollicking humour so characteristic of his stage style the rôles of Captain John Smith in the burlesque *La Belle Sauvage*, and Black Brandon in *My Poll and My Partner Joe*. After this came an engagement at the Holborn Theatre, and in August 1872 an engagement as first low-comedian and stage manager at Covent Garden, for the production of that remarkable spectacular piece *Babil and Bijou*. This was followed by successful engagements at the Gaiety, the Globe, the Folly, and New Royalty Theatres, during which

time he played Bluebeard for more than three hundred nights, also making an excellent impression in other rôles, both in burlesque and comedy, notably as Sonbyson Siel in Albery's *Wig and Gown*. During this time Mr. Brough played at many *matinées*, and subsequently accepted an engagement at the Imperial Theatre, where on April 23rd, 1879, he made a great hit as Claude Melnotte in Mr. W. Young's burlesque of *The Lady of Lyons*. It was at the Imperial also, and at a series of Gaiety *matinées*, that Mr. Brough brought his excellent method to bear effectively in old comedy revivals—his impersonation of Scrub in Farquhar's play, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, on September 22nd, showing a keen comprehension of the spirit and intention of the author, which was also noticeable in his Ollapod in Coleman's comedy *The Poor Gentleman*; and his Marplot in *The Country Girl*, and Croaker in *The Good-natured Man*, were admirably sound and well-balanced impersonations—thoughtful, intelligent pieces of work, instinct with the true spirit of old comedy.

In 1880 Mr. Brough made an excellently

droll Moses in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, at the Imperial, and appeared in widely contrasted parts, a Shakespearean revival at the Imperial on February 25th, and a new *opéra-bouffe* at the Alhambra on December 20th, giving him an opportunity of satisfying his public in both of his more characteristic styles of acting. As Touchstone he was dry, sententious, quaint, if a little inclined to over-emphasise the whimsicality of the part ; as Jaques quietly effective, and as Valentine, in Hervé and Alfred Maltby's *Mefistoféle II.*, he allowed his sense of humour to have full play, and was a conspicuous and entertaining figure in the stage-picture. On June 13th of the following year Mr. Brough gave another example of his Shakespearean vein of humour as Dromio of Ephesus in a revival of *The Comedy of Errors* at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, and on September 19th he created with rich humour the part of Laurent XVII. in Messrs. Reece, Farnie, and Audran's comic opera *The Mascotte*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. Mr. Brough was entrusted with the best and smartest " lines " in the libretto, and took care

to deliver them with due point, making the foolish and unfortunate monarch an irresistibly comical personage.

After being originally produced at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on August 17th, 1883, the Farnie-Offenbach operatic burlesque *La Vie* was put upon the stage of the Avenue Theatre, with Mr. Brough as the Baron von Gondremarcke, a sufficiently humorous creation. Mr. Brough's broadly farcical style made him very amusing as the Beadle in the comic opera *Nell Gwynne*, produced at the Avenue on February 7th, 1884, and with his comical catchword, "Vat a larks!" he was inimitable. Upon the occasion of the elaborate Haymarket revival of *The Rivals*, on May 3rd, 1884, a production in which so much care was spent upon the scenery and mounting as to lead a cynical critic to remark that "when the history of the stage during the latter half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, it will be found that the two great dramatists of the period were Mr. Hann and Mr. Telbin," Mr. Brough was an inimitable Bob Acres. In the duel scene he was humorous to the last degree, and his whole impersona-

tion was extremely clever, its one fault being a tendency to insist somewhat too forcibly upon the cowardice of the immortal braggart. At a Globe *matinée* on June 11th of Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's *Happy-go-Lucky* Mr. Brough impersonated Mat Teams, a good-natured, weak-willed, drinking fellow, with humour and without offence ; a positive and negative proof of artistic ability of which the latter is, perhaps, the more convincing, as stage drunkenness must be represented with extreme tact to be even tolerable.

On September 9th, 1884, Mr. Brough had an opportunity of giving the audience which filled Toole's Theatre a taste of his quality in widely divergent characters. Appearing first as Ben Bloss, a police inspector, in Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's domestic comedy *Off Duty*, the comedian displayed considerable manly pathos and quiet humour in his sketch of the man with a nasty nature, which always made him suspect that every one has "a case against him," if the truth were known, and then passed at a bound to a wildly extravagant rôle in Harry Paulton's burlesque *Babes : or, Whines from the Wood*.

The latest perversion of the old story could not be seriously criticised. It had a strangely old-fashioned air, most of the characters being conceived in a spirit of extravagant imitation of the "penny plain and twopence coloured" figures of the old Skeltonian drama. It was, indeed, a burlesque of a burlesque, as if the author had written an ordinary burlesque of the familiar story, indulged in a heavy supper, been visited by nightmare, in which the peculiarities of his characters were magnified and distorted, and then substituted for his original burlesque the comical version which had come to him in dreamland.

The quaint, full-flavoured humour of Mr. Brough as Bill Booty, a smuggler of the good old-fashioned type, with buff-topped boots, long black ringlets, a villainous countenance, knives, pistols, and so on, galore, was of great assistance to the piece, and much of the "business" introduced by him was excessively funny. It is not easy to forget the extraordinary figure cut by Bill Booty as he strode about the stage in melodramatic fashion, cursing and stabbing everybody with charming impartiality, drinking

poison with a relish, and remarking that he had taken "not too much poison, but just poison enough;" a catch-phrase upon which he rang the changes somewhat too freely, but which helped to give the part its very distinct and amusing individuality.

At the Novelty Theatre, on December 8th, 1885, Mr. Brough appeared in the burlesque *Vanderdecken; or, The Flying Anglo-Dutchman's Phantom Penny Steamer*, a production which consisted of two acts of tedious tomfoolery, tempered with two or three touches of genuine humour. It was almost surprising that a comedian, capable of such sterling work as Mr. Brough was known to have done, should have cared to take a part so poorly equipped with humour, and in which the comicality verged upon vulgarity. Mr. Brough certainly displayed cleverness in his curiously faithful reproduction of the heavy buffoonery of a Whitechapel masher, but the part was an unpleasant one. There are things and people that no art can render tolerable, and 'Arry is perhaps the most intolerable creature in the semblance of humanity. It is not easy to

understand what purpose could be served by



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AS THE DOOMED DAIMIO.

transplanting to the stage the most offensive blot upon the page of London street-life.

In the *Japs*, also produced at the Novelty on September 19th, 1885, after a trial trip at Brighton, Mr. Brough was drily humorous as the Doomed Daimio, and made the most of a not too good part in a burlesque in which the "book" was not of the

best, and the "business" of a somewhat venerable type. It

was funny enough at first to hear Mr. Brough gravely announcing his intention of having his English-imported lamp-post stuffed; but when he had hitched his catch phrase, "I'll have it stuffed" to almost every one of the "properties" the idea grew absolutely thread-bare.

In 1887 Mr. Brough reappeared as Tony Lumpkin at the Opéra Comique; on February 26th as Major Rattan in *Ici on Parle Français*; at Miss Amy Roselle's benefit *matinée* at the Lyceum, on June 16th; as Mr. Bearder, M.P., in the revival of *The Churchwarden* at Terry's Theatre on October 17th, and as Snug at the Haymarket, on the occasion of Miss Kate Phillips' benefit on December 7th.

Mr. Brough as Busby, the foolish, hairless old man in *The Paper Chase*, at the Strand Theatre on June 9th, 1888, was extremely funny, and his Bardolph in Mr. Tree's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Crystal Palace, on September 13th, was a ripe, mellow performance, full of humour of the true Shakespearean flavour.

The Robsonian phase of Mr. Brough's method was shown in his entirely admirable

creation of the part of the Burglar in *Editha's Burglar*, Mr. Edwin Cleary's dramatic version of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's charming story of that name, produced at the Globe Theatre on December 22nd, 1888, the whimsical humour and rough pathos of the part being brought out by the comedian with excellent art. The burglar's uncouth admiration of the queer, polite little child, and his racy enjoyment of the oddity of the situation, were admirably conveyed by Mr. Brough, and the creation was an unqualified success.

Mr. Brough has always had a very soft place in his heart for children, and he felt all the pathos of this part so keenly that his tears at a certain point were very real. So, too, were those of the clever little girl who represented Editha ; and at last they were obliged to make a whimsical bargain with each other at the commencement of the piece "not to cry to-night." But when the "psychological moment" came, Nature triumphed over Art, the tears *would* well up, and, as the child was caught up in Mr. Brough's arms, she would stammer out at the wings, between laughing and sobbing,



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AS MR. BUSBY IN "THE PAPER CHASE."

“ I thought you p-p-promised you wouldn’t cr-cr-cry to-night ! ”

When Mr. Tree revived *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Haymarket on January 2nd, 1889, Mr. Brough undertook the part of Mine Host of the Garter, investing it with a full-bodied, characteristic humour ; and on August 7th he sailed from London for South Africa, where he received a cordial welcome, and played many of his leading parts with complete success.

During his South African tour Mr. Brough had some curious experiences of the pleasures of travelling by waggon across a roadless continent, and on one occasion, the wardrobes of the whole company having been sent on in advance, the last three nights at Johannesburg were played somewhat under difficulties, each member of the company having to agree to a sort of amicable communism, the make-ups and garments being thrown into a common stock ; and, as it was, he had qualms upon the road to Pietermaritzburg lest after all he should be constrained to play Paul Pry in the unpicturesque costume of to-day.

It was one of Mr. Brough's pleasantest experiences in the Dark Continent to meet quite a number of men who had known him on and off the stage in London, one of them not having met him since the days when he was playing at the Standard Theatre, in Shoreditch, and used to have "larks" with the cabman, Toole and himself changing clothes in the cab and astonishing the Jehu at the end of the journey by appearing as two quite different "fares" to those whom he had taken on board in the far East.

Upon his return from South Africa Mr. Brough made his reappearance on the London stage as Mathew Vanderkoop, landlord of the Golden Lamb, Bruges, in *La Cigale*, Mr. Burnand and Mr. A'Beckett's English version of Messrs. Chivot and Duru's *opéra comique*, the music being by MM. Audran and Ivan Caryll, produced at the Lyric Theatre on October 9th, 1890. The authors did not do too much for Vanderkoop, but Mr. Brough managed to make some dramatic bricks of acceptable quality with his meagre allowance of straw, and his make-up was grotesque

in the extreme. And grotesque make-ups are sometimes serviceable as well as attractive to an audience, for on the occasion of an outbreak of fire in an electrically-lighted Christmas-tree, it was Mr. Brough's presence of mind, aided by Vanderkooen's conical hat, which extinguished the flames, and very probably prevented a panic, if not a grave conflagration.

Mr. Brough has often been accused of "gagging," and sometimes it might not be difficult to excuse such a course; but upon the night of this accident he was for once applauded for a "happy thought" in this direction. When "La Gloria" is to be married, and "taken off the stage," Mr. Brough upon this occasion remarked, with a significant gesture in the direction of the partially burnt Christmas-tree, "*That* light's gone out for ever!" whereupon the audience applauded what they thought was a ready-witted interpolation. As a matter of fact, the line is in the "book," and it was only Vanderkooen's *gesture* which was "gag."

In his private capacity Mr. Brough is essentially *bon camarade*, and Percy Villa, the old-fashioned house in South Lambeth which has

been his home for more than twenty years, and was once that of Fauntleroy, the banker, is the centre of much pleasant hospitality and good-fellowship. Here, with his family, and animal pets, Mr. Brough enjoys such leisure as the work of his profession allows him.

A magnificent brindled boar-hound, of whom the curious and valuable Chinese dog is comically jealous, a floating menagerie of ducks of all sorts, and a "low-comedy" goose of most familiar and insinuating habits, are amongst the living proofs of the comedian's love for animals; while within doors a host of fine old engravings and modern caricatures of brother histrions testify to his artistic taste and irrepressible sense of humour. Hogarth and Phil May, amongst others, represent the "ancient and modern" schools of pictorial satire, and a number of fine engravings of players of the past are of exceptional interest to all lovers and students of the stage.

Amongst Mr. Brough's indoor treasures and curios, too, are a meerschaum pipe presented to him by the Prince of Wales, and a large silver box, now used for biscuits, but originally

intended to hold tobacco, and presented to Professor Anderson, the famous conjuror, by Abraham Lincoln.

But it is in pictures and books that the comedian's home is peculiarly rich. Scarcely a square inch of wall but is covered with some delicate water-colour, warm oil-painting, soft mezzotint, rich old engraving, or what not, many of the works being of high artistic merit, as well as of exceptional interest and value for their associations' sake.

Upon the side of the handsome mantelpiece in the pretty and roomy drawing-room a dainty Cosway study of a girl, finished with all the delicacy of a miniature, is in the excellent company of a fine seascape by Clarkson Stanfield, a quaint example of Rowlandson, and a vigorous sketch by Hogarth of John Quick, the favourite comedian of George III., and the original Tony Lumpkin and Bob Acres, two of Mr. Brough's best-known impersonations. The drawing was made upon the back of a ledger, and is full of character. A thoroughly "actor's picture," too, in Mr. Brough's collection is a fine oil-painting of Edmund Kean as a boy, perched upon a

table, and reciting vigorously with the precocious genius which was ere long to make him the brightest star of the stage for some twenty years. Very interesting, too, is a clever river scene by Joseph Jefferson,—“Rip” Jefferson,—an excellent piece of work, and doubly remarkable from the fact that it was painted at one sitting; as, too, was a bold charcoal seascape by George Sheffield, so effective and full of detail that it seems almost incredible that he executed it for Mr. Brough in an hour and a half.

Mr. Brough naturally sets exceptional store upon a quaint little coloured drawing by his brother, Robert Brough, called “Two Goddesses : Pomona and Flora at a feast of Bacchus,” representing, with a humour worthy of Rowlandson or Cruikshank, an applemoan and an ancient flower-girl hobnobbing over a glass of gin.

In another charming room Mr. Brough has a rare collection of Zoffanys, including a very fine portrait of King, the close friend of David Garrick, the original Puff in *The Critic*, and, moreover, the diplomatic stage-manager who locked Sheridan in the green-room of Drury

Lane, with anchovy toast, a couple of bottles of claret, and the unfinished prompt copy of the play, as the only hope of getting the work completed.

Books everywhere—for Mr. Brough's theatrical library is extensive and valuable—rare old china, unique original drawings by such modern knights of the pencil as Fred Barnard, Alfred Bryan, Phil May, Matt Stretch, and other notable men, including some extremely humorous burlesque fancy portraits of celebrities by Barnard, such as "Robert Browning"—a policeman trussed and suspended before a cheerful fire; and everywhere portraits and character-sketches of old friends and brother-artists, Henry Irving and J. L. Toole being conspicuously present.

Of this kind of professional souvenir, too, Mr. Brough's collection of photographs is enormous and curiously interesting, a dive or two amongst them at random resulting in unique catches, such as a portrait of Henry Irving as a very youthful actor, when he was appearing with Mr. Brough in Liverpool, and his fame was as yet only a dream—perhaps not

even that ; and an extremely interesting pair of photographs show groups of the old company at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in 1867, when the splendid cast of *The Double Marriage*, in which Mr. Brough made his first hit, and Miss Henrietta Hodson her first appearance upon the London boards, included Mrs. Dyas, Miss Henrietta Hodson, Miss Everard, Henry Irving, J. L. Toole, John Clayton, Charles Wyndham, Charles Seyton, and Lionel Brough.

Amid these artistic and pleasant surroundings Mr. Brough loves to spend every hour that his work permits him to call his own, and here, as the head of the family, he welcomes its other members from time to time in his cordial, kindly fashion. Country-born, the popular comedian loves his bit of garden, hemmed in as it has been of late years by the ruthless builder ; and twenty years of peaceful life within its walls, surrounded by his wife and children, have made it very dear to the comedian, who is as unaffected and kindly off the stage as he is mirthful and popular upon it.



RUTLAND BARRINGTON (IN "THE GONDOLIERS"). FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD.

Respectfully
Rutland Barrington

So away little girls ' - Can't
Turn + little girls like you
Took Bar.

RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

IF Mr. Rutland Barrington's artistic temperament had not led him to adopt the stage as a profession he would have made a delightful dean, an entirely admirable archdeacon, or the most beaming of bland and benevolent bishops.

There is a suavity, a benignity, a genial humour about the popular Savoy actor which would have been peculiarly becoming in an ecclesiastical dignitary, and would have harmonised perfectly with archidiaconal gaiters, or the episcopal apron itself. Physically, too, there is a rotundity, a curvilinear development, an air of optimistic satisfaction with this best of all possible worlds, which are essentially characteristic of a life steeped in the odour of sanctity, combined with a quiet humour extremely

clerical in its tone. It would not be difficult to picture Mr. Barrington evolving polished epigrams in the refined and cosy seclusion of an oak-panelled study, or even delivering cultured and scholarly sermons from the pulpit of a moderately "high" church; but the play-going public have reason to congratulate themselves that his taste induced him to take to the stage.

In his private life Mr. Barrington is an artist, *au bouts des ongles*, painting pictures on canvas with as much facility as he does on the stage, his charming house in the Grosvenor Road being full of practical proofs of his prowess with the palette and the brush—delicate river scenes on the Mole and some seascapes painted at Hunstanton showing much technical skill and artistic feeling.

Painting, fishing, and cricket, foot-ball, lawn-tennis, and athletics evidence the many-sidedness of the actor's tastes when the limelight and the enervating atmosphere of the stage are exchanged for the sunlight and the health-giving open air; and the general impression made by Mr. Barrington's home and private life is that they are above all else English,

manly, and refined. That he has won esteem and affection as a man, as well as admiration as an actor, is proved among other ways by the presence in his studio of a handsome davenport, presented to him by his brother-artists of the Savoy company when he severed his connection with them for a while, and undertook the responsibilities of management at the St. James's Theatre ; and a Queen Anne punch-ladle appropriately represents the regard of Mr. Burnand for the artist who impersonated Pickwick and the Baker in the clever dramatic cantata based upon Dickens's famous book.

Mr. Barrington's house is delightfully artistic in every detail, the actor's taste being supplemented by that of his wife, whose pretty drawing-room, in crimson and gold, black and primrose, has been decorated from her own designs, and a wealth of pictures and books, of photographs and stage souvenirs, of screens and fans, of *bric-à-brac* and curios, of etchings and embroideries, complete the sense of art-sympathy which is the dominant note in the home life of the actor and his clever wife.

Caricatures of Mr. and Mrs. Barrington

engaged in their favourite pastime of gudgeon fishing in a Thames back-water, and of the actor as Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado*, certainly one of his most successful creations, supply the touch of humour without which so true a comedian's home would be incomplete; and quite a number of Mr. Barrington's own paintings show the versatility of an artist whose range includes acting, singing, music, and painting.

Mr. Barrington has been fortunate enough to win popularity with exceptional facility, and in an unusually brief space of time. Born at Penge on January 15th, 1853, it was only in 1874 that he made his *début* as an actor, upon the stage of the Olympic Theatre, on September 1st, as Sir George Barclay in *Clancarty*, and soon afterwards appeared as Lafleur in *The Two Orphans*. Then followed some three years of miscellaneous acting in connection with Miss Emily Faithfull's readings at the Egyptian Hall, and Mrs. Howard Paul's famous entertainment. But it was not until November 17th, 1877, that Mr. Barrington had his first real opportunity, and turned it to excellent account as Dr. Daly, the Vicar, in Messrs.

Gilbert and Sullivan's delightfully funny comic opera, *The Sorcerer*, produced at the Opéra Comique. In this impersonation Mr. Barrington's unctuous vein of humour found full scope, and the result was a success so marked as to raise the young actor at once into a conspicuous and important position upon the stage; and this kindly judgment of the critics and the public was justified and confirmed when, on May 25th, 1878, Mr. Barrington created with immediate success the part of Captain Corcoran in the same author's famous opera *H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor*.

From his first association with the Gilbert-Sullivan comic operas, to which Mr. Barrington's method was excellently adapted, the comedian's success was assured. He had found his opportunity, and had made the most of it, and had succeeded in establishing once and for ever a strong claim upon the favour of play-goers.

The quiet, unobtrusive humour characteristic of Mr. Barrington enabled him, when the *Pirates of Penzance* was produced at the Opéra Comique, on April 3rd, 1880, to again

lift into prominence and importance the



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR IN "PATIENCE."

part of a Sergeant of Police; and his whimsical, apparently unconscious comicality pleased the audience completely, and added to his already excellent reputation as an artist with brains enough to evolve an original conception of a part, and conscientiousness enough to work hard to make his embodiment of it as perfect in every detail as thought and care could make it.

It was on April 23rd, 1881, that Mr. Barrington found his next great chance, as the idyllic poet Archibald Grosvenor, in *Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*, produced

at the Opéra Comique. The placidly self-satisfied *poseur* in black velvet, with his ample physical proportions and feeble intellectual calibre, his absurd affectations and calm contempt for less poetic souls than his own, was not only an exceptionally amusing stage figure, but a careful and artistically moderate satire upon a class of society types, familiar to many of those who greeted the actor's creation with delighted laughter. Mr. Barrington's solemn imperturbability, his sublime assumption of unconsciousness of the ridiculous side of Archibald Grosvenor, his studied sentimentality and supreme self-complacency, were rendered with most admirable art; and, although it did not absolutely kill the pseudo-æstheticism of that period, had certainly an effect in the much-needed direction of the snubbing and ignoring of the odd folk who then over-ran society, and earned an artistic reputation cheaply by affectation and a foolish, incomprehensible, or at best semi-intelligible, shibboleth. The creation was an admirable one, and to this day "Willow Waly" and "The Silver Churn" are popular, and identified with the quiet humour

of this excellent actor. The idyllic poet, contrasted with the "Chancery Lane young man," the "Somerset House young man," the "Very delectable, highly respectable, threepenny 'bus young man," was a refreshingly humorous figure, and the part remains one of the pleasantest memories of an actor who has in his time done much excellent work.

In November 1882 Mr. Barrington created the *rôle* of the Earl of Mountararat in *Iolanthe*; and on January 5th, 1884, that of King Hildebrand in *Princess Ida*, subsequently reappearing in a revival of *The Sorcerer* on October 11th.

During 1885 Mr. Barrington created the part of Dr. Dozey in Mr. Sydney Grundy's clever comedy, *The Silver Shield*, produced for the first time at Miss Amy Roselle's *matinée* on May 19th, in which *rôle* his suave ponderosity and sleek wiliness in condemning all actresses who were not young and pretty made the insinuating clerical hypocrite one of the most amusing figures on the stage. But his principal success during that year was his extremely clever creation of Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado*, a part so admirably suited to his stage

method, and made by his talent so humorous and distinctive a personage, that *Punch* has referred to the comedian as "Mr. Pooh-Barrington" from that day to this.

In *The Mikado*, one of the quaintest and cleverest of all the famous Gilbert and Sullivan series, cynical, grim, graceful, thoroughly human and sympathetic on occasion, and full of curiously unconventional fancies, produced at the Savoy on March 14th, 1885, Mr. Barrington was provided with perhaps the most irresistibly droll part which it had hitherto been his good fortune to create, and he entered into the spirit of the impersonation with artistic thoroughness. He has done nothing better than Pooh-Bah, the Japanese pluralist—First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, Lord Mayor, and a dozen other salaried officials rolled into one, and his stolid imperturbability was *impayable*.

Nothing could have been funnier in its apparent unconsciousness of humour than his advice in various capacities to the Mikado,

culminating in his First Lord of the Treasury opinion : " Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that as leader of the Opposition it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts that as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty, and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police."

In this extravagantly humorous passage the author's curious wit was made even more effective by the dry drollery of the actor, who enunciated his ridiculous statements with a solemn pomposity that was absolutely official in its actuality.

It is not difficult to recognise the humour of such a *rôle* as that of Pooh-Bah, a creature of immense pride, tracing his ancestry to "a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule," and who was "born sneering," yet is not unwilling to "let himself out" to shoddy society functions, to retail State secrets at a very low

figure, and to greedily accept “insults”—*anglicé* bribes. Yet in the hands of an inferior actor a temptation to exaggerate might easily have degraded a fine conception into broad caricature, but Mr. Barrington displayed an artistic restraint which was entirely commendable, and by his quiet, unobtrusive humour made Pooh-Bah one of the most completely whimsical and successful figures of a piece conspicuously humorous in every detail. A lapse into exaggeration would have been fatal to the perfect realisation of a remarkably clever conception, and it was true artistic instinct which enabled the actor to impersonate a highly original and subtly elaborated character without a fault.

The success of *The Mikado* was immense, and it was not until January 22nd, 1887, that Mr. Barrington was called upon to appear in a new part, that of Sir Despard Murgatroyd, in *Ruddigore*, a production of which Mr. Gilbert remarked, after it had run for a week, and undergone the ordeal of criticism, that he proposed “altering the title of the piece, and calling it *Kensington Gore; or, Not so Good as*

the Mikado." As Sir Despard Murgatroyd Mr. Barrington thoroughly entered into the spirit of the part, and gave one more proof of his complete appreciation of Gilbertian humour.

During this year Mr. Barrington also appeared as the Judge in *Judge and Jury*, at Miss Amy Roselle's benefit *matinée* at the Lyceum on June 16th, and on December 14th in a piece called *The Carthorpe Case*, at a Vaudeville *matinée*, in which he impersonated a healthy, hearty young squire with much *bonhomie* and good-fellowship.

The year 1888 was somewhat of an eventful one for the popular actor. After taking part in revivals at the Savoy of *The Pirates of Penzance* and *The Mikado*, giving a most amusing impersonation of Chrysos, the art-patron, in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, at Mr. Abud's benefit *matinée* at the Lyceum on March 21st, and appearing at Miss Angela Fenton's *matinée* at the Avenue on April 26th in *Trespassers, Beware!* and as Mr. Barnes of New York at the Olympic on May 23rd in his own dramatic version of the story of

that name, called *To the Death*, Mr. Barrington left the Savoy Theatre, and went into management for himself.

When he assumed for the first time the cares of management by opening the St. James's Theatre on October 13th, 1888, with a cynical play called *The Dean's Daughter*, by Messrs. F. C. Philips and Sydney Grundy, great things were hoped from the collaboration of two men, one of whom had done some clever work as a novelist, while the other ranked amongst the most promising dramatists of the day. Although based upon an undramatic and unpleasant story, playgoers, wearied with innocuous conventionality on the one hand and rabid sensationalism on the other, looked for good work from writers who could at least be trusted to spare them a depressing drizzle of didactic platitudes of the copybook-heading order, and to give them humour, pathos, and picturesqueness, all of which Mr. Grundy has at command. And the play proved to be written with humour and naturalism, and to have a sufficient leaven of tenderness; but in effect it served chiefly to

enable Mr. Barrington to create an effective character with excellent art.



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS
THE VERY REV. AUGUSTUS
ST. AUBYN.

As the Very Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn, Dean of Southwick, a repulsively hypocritical, canting, and selfish cleric, eager to sell his pretty daughter to the highest bidder, Mr. Barrington proved that by clever acting a naturally repellent character like that of the sanctimonious Dean may be rendered tolerable, and the talent of the actor be permitted to condone his contemptible characteristics of the figure which he has had the courage to create. Mr. Barrington's unctuous

Dean was just one of those conceptions which show the true artist. He was a scoundrel—

but an amusing scoundrel. If the actor had accentuated the villainy of the clerical reprobate, and ignored the humorous side of the character, the *rôle* would have been as impossible of acceptance by an audience as it would have been unpleasant to create. But, by a nice perception of the possibilities of the part, the Dean became as skilful and notable a figure in its way as Mr. Barrington's other clerical impersonations, the Vicar in *The Sorcerer* and Dr. Dozey in *The Silver Shield*.

Then came the production of Mr. Gilbert's comedy, *Brantingham Hall*, on November 29th, in which Mr. Barrington created the *rôle* of Mr. Thursby; but his unlucky star was again in the ascendant, and in the following year Mr. Barrington fell back upon his acting talent, and appeared in various *rôles* and places to the complete satisfaction of the public. February 7th found him at the Comedy Theatre, where he played at different times the parts of the Baker and Mr. Pickwick in Mr. Burnand's dramatic cantata, *Pickwick*. On March 27th he created the part of Lieut.-Col. Cadbury in Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, *Merry Margate*, which

proved to be one of the most satisfactory of the *dramatis personæ*; on May 16th he gave a breezy, manly sketch of Admiral Brabazon in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's comedy *The Inheritance*, produced at a Comedy *matinée*; on June 12th he took part in Lady Monckton's *matinée* at St. George's Hall; played the part of Colonel Percival in a duologue called *A Chance Interview*, written by Mrs. Hugh Bell, and that of Shag, a humorous servant, in *Tobacco Jars*, an operetta, the libretto of which was by Lady Monckton. On May 28th, at a Savoy *matinée*, he created the part of Christopher in Mr. Walter Frith's operetta, *Locked In*; and on September 24th, after a trial *matinée* in May, he appeared as Tosser in Messrs. G. P. Hawtrey and Edward Solomon's musical version of *The Area Belle*.

It was on December 7th, 1889, that Mr. Barrington reappeared as a member of the Savoy company, and created with immediate success the *rôle* of Giuseppe Palmieri in Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, *The Gondoliers*. Here again, as one of the men supposed to be King of Barataria, Mr.

Barrington displayed much quiet humour, more particularly as the democratic monarch who polished his own crown and sceptre, and delighted to "run on little errands for the Ministers of State." Now and then Mr. Barrington lapsed for a moment into certain grimaces and gestures which, in the opinion of those who knew and liked his dry, droll humour, appeared rather matter for regret than congratulation, but the impersonation as a whole was one of the most humorous in a decidedly clever production.

Every one was glad to welcome Mr. Barrington back to the scene of so many of his successes; and as he is too true an artist to presume upon his popularity, and become either slovenly in his execution or unduly obtrusive in his method, there is every reason to anticipate that for years to come he will continue to add to the wholesome amusement of the public by the aid of his excellent and, for the most part, unexaggerated humour. The comedian is, in his way, a power; and it is not too much to say that the admirable work done by Mr. Barrington and his brother-comedians at the Savoy, in the

brilliant Gilbert-Sullivan series of productions, has not only afforded tens of thousands of people incalculable pleasure in a clean and honest fashion, but that he and his fellow-artists, in their association with that particular class of stage work, have done something towards achieving that desirable end which is usually understood by that hackneyed and rather objectionable phrase, "the elevation of the drama."

On March 6th, 1891, Mr. Barrington, with the other members of the Savoy company, had the honour of appearing in *The Gondoliers*, at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty the Queen.

LIBERTY & CO.

Invite inspection of their numerous Show Rooms, where will be found New, Original, Artistic and Exclusive Specialities not to be seen elsewhere in the Metropolis.

"Liberty" Silks.

In "Liberty" colours and all shades.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Silks

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Silks.

Unequalled for Art Drapery.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Silks.

For Undergarments.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Silks.

For Evening Dresses.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Silks.

For Tea Gowns.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Silks.

Hand-blocked, printed in rich floral and conventional (exclusive) designs.

New Patterns post free.

FOR DRESSES AND
FURNITURE.

"LIBERTY"
ART
FABRICS.

BEAUTIFUL AND
INEXPENSIVE.

New Patterns Post Free.

"Liberty" Spitalfields Brocades.

Specially woven for LIBERTY & Co. in their own selected designs.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Spitalfields Brocades

Make charming Dinner Dresses.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Spitalfields Brocades

Make most exquisite Court Trains.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Spitalfields Brocades.

For Reception Dresses.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Spitalfields Brocades.

For Evening Dresses.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Spitalfields Brocades.

Price from 13s. 6d. to 22s. 6d. per yard.

New Patterns post free.

"Liberty" Satin.

An excellent wearing Fabric for Dresses and Tea Gowns. Sold by the yard, 28 inches wide. Price 5s. 9d.

New Patterns post free.

N.B.—On receipt of request, with particulars of requirements, MESSRS. LIBERTY will send a responsible assistant (free of extra charge) with samples of any of their choice stock—the most comprehensive in the world—of

Silks.

Satins.

Gauzes.

Cottons.

Velvets.

Curtains.

Tapestries.

Furnishing Fabrics.

Shawls.

Fans.

Eastern & Modern

Embroideries.

Evening Wraps.

Palampores.

Carpets.

Rugs.

Kelims.

Portières.

Mattings.

Curios.

Oriental Brass Ware
and

Eastern Miscellaneous
Knick-knacks.

LIBERTY & CO., Regent St., London, W.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS. FANCY DRESS BALLS.

W. CLARKSON,

COURT PERRUQUIER AND COSTUMIER,

By Special Appointment to Her Majesty.

WIGS, COSTUMES, SCENERY,

LIMELIGHT, MASKS, AND PROPERTIES.

AMATEUR and PRIVATE THEATRICALS attended in Town and Country
on Moderate Terms.

EVERY DESCRIPTION of WIGS and COSTUMES for Fancy Dress Balls, in stock, or made
to order. For Sale or Hire.

CLARKSON'S DIAMONDS, unrivalled for their Brilliancy, equal to Real Stones, and set in
Gold or Silver. For Sale or Hire.

CLARKSON'S LILLIE POWDER, unrivalled for the Complexion, 1s. 6d. per box.

SHEPHERDS' CROOKS, FAIRY WANDS, RED-HOT POKERS, FAIRY WINGS, etc.

45 & 44, WELLINGTON ST., STRAND, W.C.

Dean's Plays for Young Actors and Home Performance.

IN this series the Publishers have adapted the old favourite tales of childhood, that they may
afford lively recreation in place of Charades, and give hints as regards the management of
Costumes, Scenery, etc. The Dialogue is simple and spirited, the Scenery diversified, and the
Moral excellent. *In three handsomely bound volumes, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each.*

1s. Plays for Young Actors and Home Performance, Gilt, Fancy Illustrated Covers.

1. **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.** By MISS CORNER.
12 Illustrations by Alfred Crowquill. 1s.

2. **WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.** By MISS
CORNER. 12 Illustrations by Alfred Crowquill. 1s.

3. **CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER.**
By MISS CORNER. 12 Illustrations by Alfred
Crowquill. 1s.

4. **PUSS IN BOOTS; or, THE MILLER'S
FAVOURITE SON.** By MISS CORNER. 6 Illus-
trations by J. V. Barret. 1s.

5. **MOTHER GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.**
By MISS CORNER. 10 Illustrations by Harrison
Weir. 1s.

6. **CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.** By MISS CORNER.
11 Illustrations by Harrison Weir. 1s.

7. **THE MILLER'S MAID.** By MISS CORNER. 13
Illustrations by Todé. 1s.

8. **THE KING AND THE TROUBADOUR; or,
KING RICHARD AND BLONDEL,** with
SLEEPING BEAUTY. Two Little Plays. 1s.

9. **THE PRINCE AND THE WITCH.** By MYRA
CRAEG. A Rhyming Fairy Tale for Home Perfor-
mance. 1s.

10. **LITTLE BLUE BELL AND WILL-O'-THE-
WISP.** By AIMEE. 1s.

11. **PRINCE BULBO.** Dramatised from *Thackeray's
Rose and the King.* By AMY WHINYATES. With
Illustrations. 1s.

12. **GABRIELLE; or, THE RED CAP OF
LIBERTY.** By AMY WHINYATES. 4 Illustrations
and chromo cover. 1s.

13. **ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.**
By AMY WHINYATES. Illustrated by Proctor. 1s.

14. **THE ASTROLOGER'S SPELL.** By AVERALL.
A Persian Sensational Drama. 1s.

15. **BLUE BEARD.** By AMY WHINYATES. 1s.

Sixpence Each.

16. **LITTLE DEWDROP AND JACK FROST.** A
Play for Little Children. By AMY WHINYATES. 6d.

17. **FAIRY ROSEBUD; or, THE ENCHANTED
MAYPOLE AND THE FLOWER FAIRIES.** A
Play for very Little Children. In Two Acts. By
AMY WHINYATES. 6d. Or the two bound in One
Volume. 1s.

18. **PRINCE RUPERT AND CECILY.** By AMY
WHINYATES. 6d.

19. **JACK ASHORE.** By MAUD HODGES. 6d.

20. **HOW MATILDA, FIRST QUEEN OF
ENGLAND, WAS WOOD AND WON.** A Play
in Four Acts for School and Home Performance.
By ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING. 6d.

21. **THE TRUE STORY OF CATHERINE PARR;
or, HOW KING HENRY VIII.'S SIXTH WIFE
HAD HER WAY WITH HIM.** A Play in One
Act, for School and Home Performance. By ELSA
D'ESTERRE KEELING. 6d.

A HEART HISTORY. A Comedietta in One Act.
By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN. 6d.

HER FIRST AT HOME. A Dialogue in One Act.
By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN. 6d.

London: DEAN & SON, Publishers, 160a, Fleet Street, E.C.

C. H. FOX,

COSTUMIER AND WIGMAKER,

25, RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

LONDON, W.C.

THE GREATEST THEATRICAL EMPORIUM IN THE WORLD.

Everything required for Private Theatricals and Fancy Dress Balls in Stock, for Sale or Hire.

Entire Fit-up for Drawing Rooms or Public Halls, Plush Curtains, Scenery, Lime-lights, Costumes, Wigs, Properties, etc. Competent men sent to any part of the Globe, with everything necessary. Illustrated Catalogues, post free. "Make-up" Book, 1s., postage, 2½d. Dramatic and Musical Directory, 2s. 6d., postage, 4½d.

Telegraphic Address, "Theatricals, London."

DEAN'S SHILLING BOOKS FOR ELOCUTIONISTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. QUEER FISH. Character Sketches by ROBERT OVERTON. Crown 8vo. Fancy covers in boards. 4th Edition, with Preface by MRS. STIRLING. 1s. 2. A ROUND DOZEN. Character Sketches by ROBERT OVERTON. In fancy boards. 1s. 3. HOW TO RECITE. 4. RECITING AND READING. 5. SPEECH STUDIES. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. SYLVIA'S RIDE FOR LIFE, and other original Ballads for Recitation and the Fireside. By FREDERICK G. WEBB. 1s. 7. RYDER'S LAST RACE, and other Humorous Ballads for Recitation. By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN, Author of "Kissing-cup's Race," etc. 1s. 8. RHYMES OF THE TIMES: Serious Ballads for Recitation. By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN. 1s. 9. CON O'DONNELL, and other Ballads and Legends. By E. OWENS BLACKBURNE. 1s. 10. ELOCUTION MADE EASY. By EDITH HERAUD, Elocutionist. 1s. |
|---|--|
- [Studies of Poems, with fresh Readings, Recitations, Anecdote Sketches, and articles connected with elocution and the power to entertain. By EDWIN DREW, Editor of *The Elocutionist*.]

COUNTRY HOUSE CHARADES. By E. C. Nugent.

The Charades are in various styles, and in each the number of performers is limited to about six.

They can all be played without the adjunct of scenery, but little dressing is necessary, the action is simple, and the dialogue easy to learn, while being devoid of objectionable matter. *Full Music is given with two of the charades.* Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

New Edition, 3s. 6d., cloth gilt.

DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS & PARLOUR PANTOMIMES,

For Amateurs, which can be performed without scenery, include—Comedietta,—Dialogue,—Domestic Drama,—Opéra Bouffe,—Burlesque,—Extravaganza,—Farce,—and Charade.

By E. L. BLANCHARD, W. S. GILBERT, J. A. SIMPSON, TOM HOOD, C. SMITH REECE, J. C. BROUGH, A. SKETCHLEY, etc., etc. Collected by CLEMENT SCOTT.

London: DEAN & SON, Publishers, 160a, Fleet Street, E.C.

PLAYGOERS !

READ

THE  **ERA**

ON

SATURDAY.

